THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

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The Gist of It

IN September the minds of many of us turn to schools and education, to our hopes and fears for Billy, trudging off to the first grade, for Sue, leaving home as a college freshman, or Jim, who is sulking at the prospect of high school and wants to "get a job." DR. KARL A. MENNINGER writes (page 549) of some of the problems of American college students, particularly incoming freshmen, out of his experience as associate professor and mental hygiene counselor at Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas. His article is taken in part from a chapter of his forthcoming book, The Human Mind, which Alfred A. Knopf will publish during the winter.

SURVEY readers will remember ROBERT W. BRUÈRE'S interpretation of the Antioch College plan and its values in terms of experience in living as well as of academic education (see Survey Graphic, June, 1927). On page 553 of this issue he reports another adventure in education—the story of the new vision and the new techniques by which Providence, Rhode Island, has developed a public school plan centered in the development of individuality rather than in curriculum and "marks." Mr. Bruère is an associate editor of Survey Graphic and also industrial secretary of the J. C. Penney Foundation.

TWO careful students of penal conditions discuss in this issue the six prison outbreaks of the past summer, and the complex stories behind them. Though they differ somewhat in their analysis of the situation, these two writers agree that the tragedies were not the sudden and unexpected outbursts of "hardened criminals," but the inevitable result of our attitude toward prisons and their inmates. WINTHROP D. LANE (page 557) formerly an associate editor of Survey Graphic is now acting as secretary of the First International Congress on Mental Hygiene. He has just completed the investigation for a volume on crime for the Wiley Social Service Series (John Wiley, publisher) edited by Professor Fairchild of New York University. GEORGE W. ALGER, New York attorney, who writes of the Auburn and Clinton riots (page 559), was the Moreland Act commissioner appointed by Governor Smith in 1926 to investigate the operation and management of the state prisons and reformatories and of the Board of Parole.

AGAINST the background of her experience as principal of the South Philadelphia High School for Girls and student of progressive education in this country and Europe, LUCY L. W. WILSON reports (page 560) the awakening of Turkey as it is finding expression in the new schools and new agencies for child care which she visited in Constantinople and Anatolia last year.

DONALD RICHBERG, Chicago lawyer and unwearied liberal, tells (page 565) how the establishment of adequate conference machinery substituted orderly discussion and agreement for the chaos of "dull-minded fighting" between employers and employes on American railroads. The final chapter of these reminiscences of an American progressive will be published in the next issue of Survey Graphic.

OUT of the overflowing notebook of her social work experiences, BETH ROBERTS gives us (page 568) the story of Zaida, whose weapon in dealing with school, welfare agency and foster mothers was running away. The pictures for Zaida are an experiment made by Hiram Myers in applying the "movie" technique of illustration to a Survey Graphic story. Mr. Myers is a commercial photographer in New York who does a great deal of work for social agencies.

OUR cover this month is reproduced from a window medallion, Education, designed by HENRY S. BARTH for the Third Unitarian Church, Chicago.

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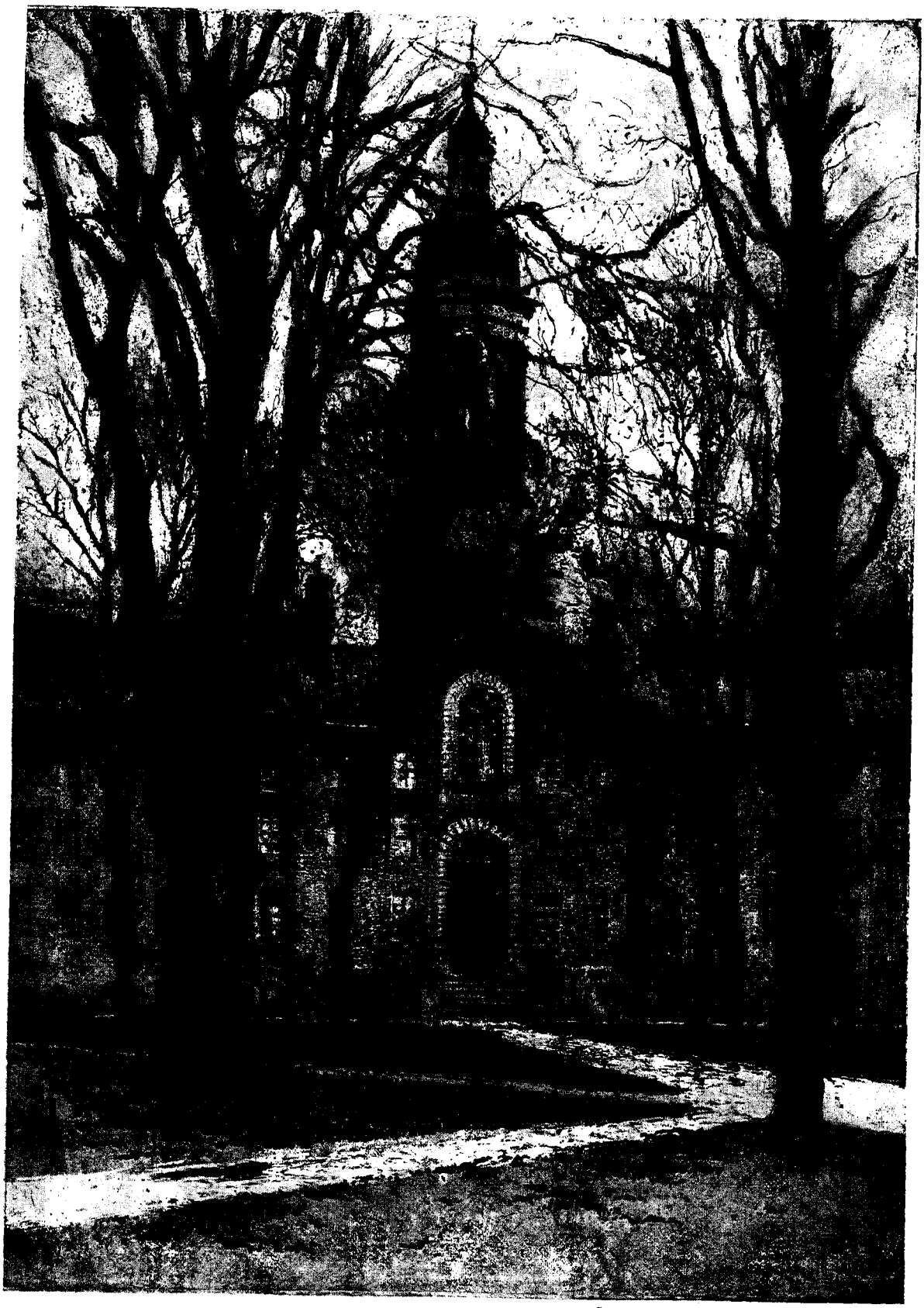

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NASSAU HALL, PRINCETON

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THE SURVEY

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College Blues

By KARL A. MENNINGER, M.D.

EACH year thousands of college students fall by the wayside. The wiseacres have many explanations and very little remedy. Too many students are going to college. The pace is too fast. The ideals are wrong. The faculties are incompetent. The curricula are inappropriate. Above all there is too much money and too much frivolity and too much social life. College students have much too good a time.

The mental hygienist is somewhat out of sympathy with these explanations. He does not deny that some of them may be true but his pragmatic sense is offended by the futility of generalization. His whole point of view is individualistic. Leaving problems of curriculum and world politics aside, he is interested in what has put a particular John Smith and Mary Baker out of the running. The loss of John Smith may mean little to the college; the loss of Mary Baker may not greatly distress the world, but some of these Johns and Marys are worth saving if any one is. The boy or girl who gets to college is one in a hundred. He is engaged in a period of enormous importance to himself because it is his preparation for a specialized contribution to the world. For the same reason it is a period of enormous importance to the world.

For the past ten years psychiatrists have been trying to make people understand that *mental hygiene is not a matter of preventing insanity*. Psychiatrists are not exclusively interested in insanity any more. Of course the insane are numerous; in fact, they quite outnumber the college students. But far more numerous are the unhealthy minded. By the unhealthy minded we mean the unadjusted, the unhappy. One of the Survey's contributors some time ago wrote under the title, "The unhappy are always wrong." This is true. At any rate the unhappy are always in need of mental hygiene, whether their unhappiness is conscious or not. There are lots of mentally unhealthy people who are not unhappy but who ought to be. These too are included in the mental hygiene program of today.

Mental hygiene aims at the prevention, the deflection one might say, of human failure. If it is to be effective its efforts must begin months, if not years, before the student flunks out of college, or has a nervous breakdown or shoots his room-mate or enters an asylum, or arrives at some other shocking and often irrevocable extremity.

Consider for a moment what the college freshman faces. He leaves the highschool to enter a college. From being a senior with all that it means, he becomes a freshman with all that it in turn implies. From town or country he may transport himself to a city, and to a very sophisticated and complex group within the city. From living at home, with all the protection and consideration which that includes he enters a rooming house or fraternity house. Meanwhile he (or she) is changing physically. The average college freshman is almost, but not quite, an adult physically. This stage of almost is very difficult, as every one knows except those who have never reached it. Then, too, there are acquaintances to make of the same and of the opposite sex, and there are certain attitudes to be taken and certain gratifications to be sought and certain new lines of inhibitions to be set up and certain old ones to be broken down. There is practically a new spoken language to learn and a new set of taboos and a more or less thorough-going revision of aims and ideals.

IN addition to these general problems college students have a lot of specific problems about which the outside world knows nothing or which it judges unsympathetically. There are problems of athletic ambition and disappointment: the world hears only of the successes. There are problems of Greek letter fraternities, both inside and out, which only one in close contact with students can fully realize. There are problems of love affairs dealt with in the immature fashion to be expected at this stage, but also with an intensity which the unsympathetic may easily underestimate. There are problems of jealousies and envies inside and outside of the family, conflicts with parents, special antipathies

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to subjects and instructors, religious problems, curricular problems, physical problems real and imaginary, lifework problems, racial problems, economic problems: in fact all the problems that older people confront, plus a great many more. Think of all this faced by a freshman student of only average intelligence, of average emotional control and average ability, at the average American college or university at the average age of eighteen. Surely it is not surprising that some of them have "adjustment difficulties" and are sent to the mental hygiene counselor or seek his help voluntarily.

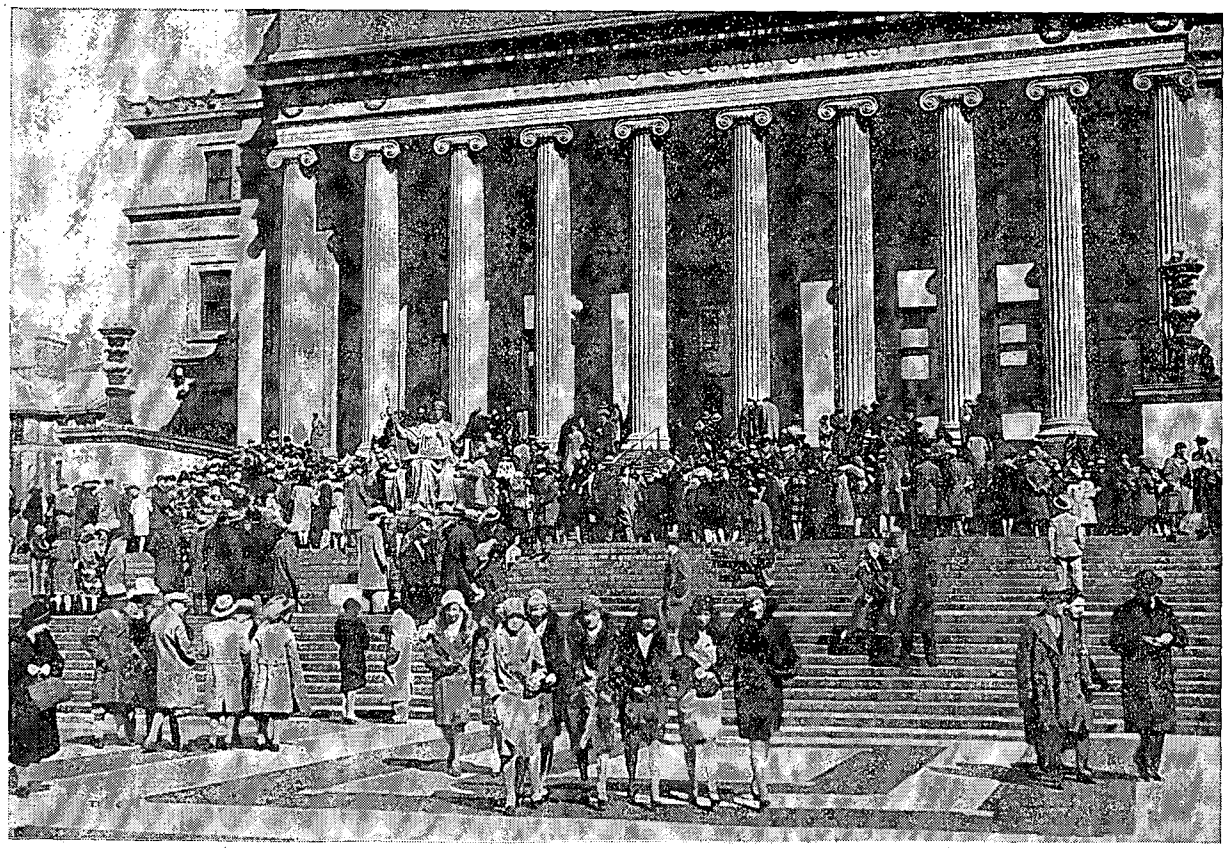
Mental hygiene counselors serve as trouble shooters. They are familiar with these problems and they struggle to cope with them. They are familiar with personality defects which are likely to entail special difficulties. Finally they are familiar with the evidences of distress and the means available to alleviate it. From long experience the psychiatrist is in a position to stand like an observer on a race track watching for spills of hotly contesting racing cars. Sometimes the trouble is in the driver's technique, sometimes in the machine he is driving, sometimes in special difficulties of the track, but ominous warnings may be noted by the skilled eye, and some of the crashes averted.

How?

In two ways. First, by efforts at mass education, i. e., lectures and readings designed to give the students a conception of the first principles of mental hygiene so that they may recognize their own needs and particular dangers. Secondly, by means of personal conferences with students who are having special difficulties, using scientific knowledge of personality weaknesses and psychological mechanisms to assist the particular student over his particular difficulties. This is, of course, the everyday routine work of the practicing psychiatrist. It is a matter of rearranging an individual and his environment so as to facilitate his adjustment to it. It is most easily accomplished with the agency of a psychiatric social worker. However, mental hygiene is still so new in the college that the counselor is likely to have to do much of his own psychiatric social work. This may mean anything from propitiating the dean of women to arranging dates for the unsocial.

The matter of mass education is the least standardized of the procedures in use by psychiatrists connected with educational institutions. The old adage about leading a horse to water applies to forcing the gospel of mental hygiene down the students' throats. But the fact remains that unless they are required to do so the students most in need of instruction in mental hygiene are often the least inclined to take it. It is still hard to convince some faculty members that the college student in distress is not either incorrigible or incompetent. Therefore instead of trying to help him they are apt to dispense merely pity or punishment.

Courses in mental hygiene have something to say about the modern scientific view of human behavior and its objective and non-emotional observation. Then something of personality; the constituents and factors that enter into personality, the possible potentialities and weaknesses of certain types. Next, something of the symptoms of distress in adjustment and of the mechanical and unconscious motive back of these symptoms. Finally the remedies, treatment, methods available in general with some discussion of the treatment of delinquency and severe mental sickness only as



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"He leaves highschool to enter college . . . from being a senior he becomes a freshman . . . from town or country he may come to the city and to a very sophisticated and complex group within the city"

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an incidental educational item. In my own course at Washburn College where mental hygiene is a required subject co-ordinated with physical hygiene, the students have considerable reading in books dealing with various aspects of these problems. They also carry on a certain amount of self-observation and analysis. Contrary to the anticipation of many, instead of leading to unhealthy introspection, this is apt to afford a simple and convenient method of release from many minor mental handicaps.

Recently, for example, I asked the students to make a list for me of some of their prevailing infantilisms, a word which I trust requires no explanation for a Survey audience. Here are some of the thousand or more examples which were handed in:

I want things badly, and when I get them, I don't want them any more. I guess that is childish, but most grown people are the same way.

I take the small and minor things of life too much to heart.

I'm always wishing I were like somebody else.

I always get what I want even if I have to shed barrels of tears.

I enjoy saying things I think are humorous, especially if by so-doing I can get the attention of the crowd.

I get very annoyed when people interfere with my plans, intentionally or otherwise.

I laugh when the joke is on somebody else; when it is on me, I pout.

I actually work to get out of work, especially if it's cooking.

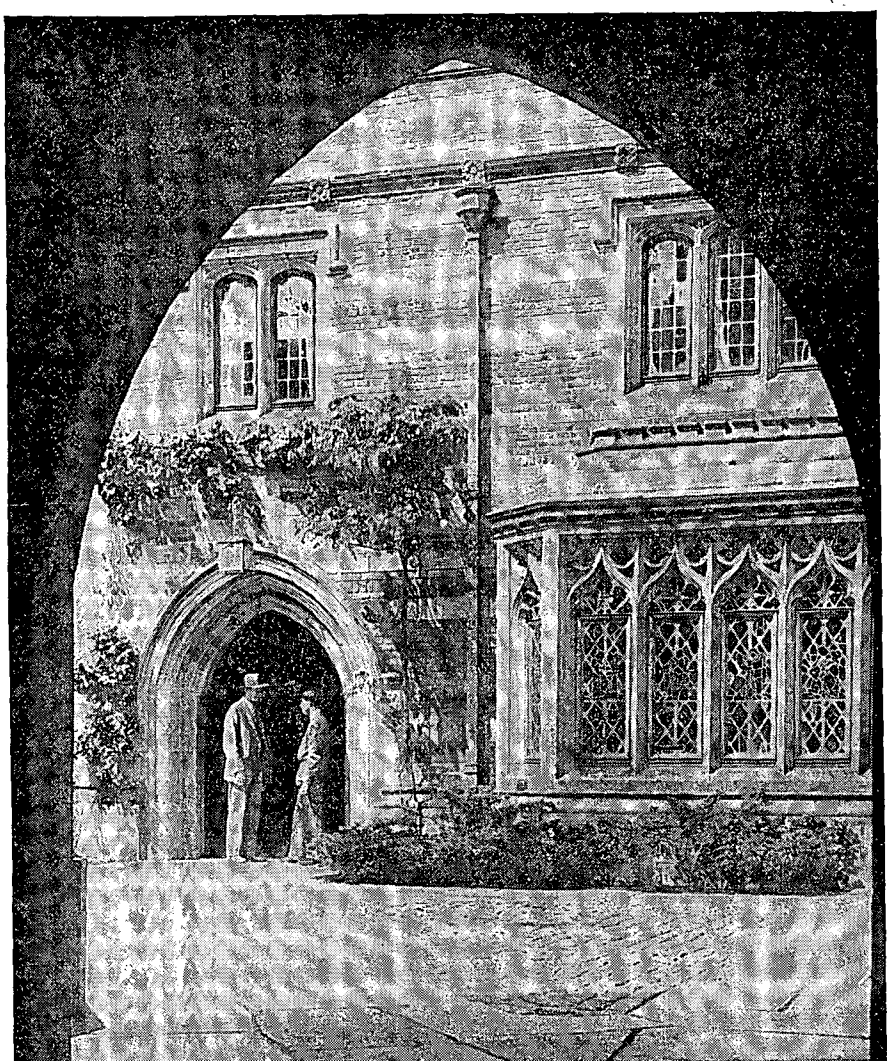
I am a slave to "what people might think."

I give up too easily in a struggle, and then try to pursuade myself that I didn't want what I was struggling for.

When I have a pet idea or plan, I expect everybody to agree with me, and I become very angry if they don't.

I always leave the things I don't like to do until the last minute, and then get irritated when at last I have to do them.

I like to be begged and coaxed into things.



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"The mental hygienist is offended by the futility of generalization. . . . His point of view is individualistic . . . he is interested only in a particular John Smith or Mary Baker"

If I don't get a lot of publicity for work in an organization, I quit working.

If I am talking to somebody about a subject I think I know all about, I will not listen to him and take if for granted that I am right and he is wrong.

Sometimes I do things just because somebody doesn't want me to.

When I am angry, I over-condemn the thing or person that causes the anger, and then get sulky and feel miserable.

At another time the students were asked to describe the treatment they had found most efficacious in dispelling the blues. Here are some of their replies:

Take a brisk walk.
Think to myself that I mustn't take life too seriously.
Re-read an old favorite book.
Read Shelley and Keats.
Read something funny or go to a funny show.
Work so hard that it is impossible to think of anything else.
Go down town and look at people and things.
Play hockey or tennis, and dance.
Sleep them away.
Talk things over with some friend who understands.
Put on good clothes and go somewhere.
Play it out on the piano or victrola.
Try to make everybody think I'm feeling good, and pretty soon I am.
"Cuss" it out.

Throa

THROA was attending an exclusive girls' school in the East. She was very queer, upon her own admission and the description of those who knew her. She could not talk openly and seemed to be hiding something. She did not go with the boys, and did not dance with girls. She was very cynical and was affected with spells that resembled hysteria.

One evening, while some of the girls were holding a session in one of the "form" rooms, she registered her distinct disapproval of conversation pertaining to the opposite sex. She spoke with tears in her eyes: "My mother has told me never to talk about such things or even to think about them. She has told me all the horrible disasters that result from companionship with boys. She has frightened me from ever doing it, and when I think of marriage, I grow faint."

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Ethel

ETHEL was a little girl from the country. She was awkward, self-conscious and painfully aware of her clothes and manners. Efforts to change only made her more conspicuous and more amusing to her classmates.

After some months of futile endeavor, Ethel assumed an air of indifference, and walked the campus alone, her head up and her eyes averted from her schoolmates. Soon, instead of "rubish," she was regarded as snobbish. Rumors spread about that her parents were newly rich from the discovery of oil on their farm and that she was conceited about it. She led a solitary life, completely withdrawn into her shell, a girl who before coming to college was socially active and locally popular. She now plans to leave college for business school.

Helen

WHEN Helen was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, she burst into sobs. "So this is my little consolation prize—after four years as a 'happy college student' I make Phi Beta Kappa, while all the time I've been miserable! In four years of college I've had three dates. I have asked my friends what is the matter. They say I'm too intellectual, I don't flirt, I don't pet. But I tried to with the third man and it didn't work. If I can't interest men, if I can't be a wife and a mother, I don't care to live. Why should I teach other girls how to teach poetry to other girls? Now they give me this little dangle to show I'm one of the smartest girls in college. Educated and awful smart but not smart enough to know to make herself lovable. That's why I'm crying!"

Reason it out in solitude.
Go hunting all by myself.
Start "building castles in Spain."
Drive an automobile fast and furiously on a lonely road.
Get with people who are absolutely happy and carefree.
Remember that tomorrow is another day.

Some of these replies give a strong hint of the complicated personal difficulties with which many college students are struggling. These come out in elaborate detail when opportunity is afforded in private conferences with mental hygiene counselors or the college psychiatrist. The student feels assured of the non-critical, non-censorious attitude. He realizes that the psychiatrist is not only sympathetic but experienced in the discussion of similar perplexities; the relation of physician and patient prevails sufficiently for the feeling of absolute confidence and secrecy. For this very reason of course it is not possible to write about specific instances except when a complete disguise may be effected.

However much fun the collegians may appear to be having, they are after all human beings and as such are encountering more or less difficulty in adjusting themselves to the requirements of a very complicated world. How much suffering this may produce depends of course partly on the individual, partly on his luck, and partly on the peculiarities of the situation to which he has to adjust himself. No one but those who are in intimate contact with the college students realize how much unhappiness prevails where external appearances indicate so much lightheartedness. No one in close touch with college life can avoid being annoyed at the assinine misrepresentations of college students in fiction and the movies. What movie or novel ever presented such typical "case histories" as the accompanying stories of Ethel, Helen, Orville, Throa and Nancy.[1]

Nancy is a senior. Outwardly she is not so very different from any other college senior. In highschool, according to those who knew her, she was well liked by all and popular with boys. Her parents moved, which took her to another highschool, where she received just an ordinary amount of attention. Upon her own confession, her lack of popularity with girls did not hurt her, but she greatly missed the attention of boys. As a sort of cover for this, she became very sensitive, forced an appearance of reserve, and grew very shy. In her senior year at highschool, she had the reputation of being very sarcastic and of not caring to make friends.

When she first entered college, she had several friends among the girls in a certain sorority. She was rushed by this sorority, but at every opportunity did her best to let the girls know that she did not think a great deal of them or their sorority. Her four years in college have been marked by few dates and those with not very desirable men—"barbs" and "freaks." They are the only sort she has gone with. Still, she has lied very consistently about her dates. The girls at the "dorm" would say, "Why, Nancy always gets several offers for everything, but she turns them all down, so she says."

In confidence she stated that she had always wanted to belong to a sorority. Her attitude of unapproachability did not represent her real feeling. When she was talked to personally, the calm reserve that seemed to characterize her was replaced by marked emotion and nervousness. Her outward cynicism also disappeared, its place being taken by sentimentality. At first she lied like a hardened criminal. She confessed to hair-raising, scandalous intrigues with married men, which later she confessed to be fictitious. She feels tired all the time. Ideas run through her head so that she cannot sleep. She has many sexual dreams. She has the false impression that certain people are trying to harm her. She thinks that the

(*Continued on page* 581)

Orville

ORVILLE entered college with high recommendations and was rushed by all the fraternities. Everyone considered him a leader. He was selected for the student council and given other positions of responsibility.

Gradually it appeared that Orville was not fulfilling all of his promise. His scholastic work began to fall down in quality. He fell short of success in numerous student activities. He began to be late or absent at committee meetings. By the end of the year he was pretty generally regarded as a disappointment.

He made a violent effort to recover during the next year. He cut himself down to a small number of activities and a relatively light program. He worked hard, and gave the impression that he was going to make good.

Suddenly about a month before the end of school, just when popular confidence in him had been restored, he announced that he had been offered a position with a steamship line and was leaving for San Francisco within a week. Dropping his school work, his responsibilities, his obligations and plans, he packed up his belongings and departed.

[1] Throa and Nancy are cases reported by Dr. Donald Laird in the Mental Problems of Later Adolescence with Special Reference to the Mental Hygiene of the College Student. Mental Hygiene, Vol. VII, No. 4, Oct. 1923.

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Records That Come Alive

By ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

The discovery and measurement of individual differences has been the most important single factor underlying the reorganization of secondary education.

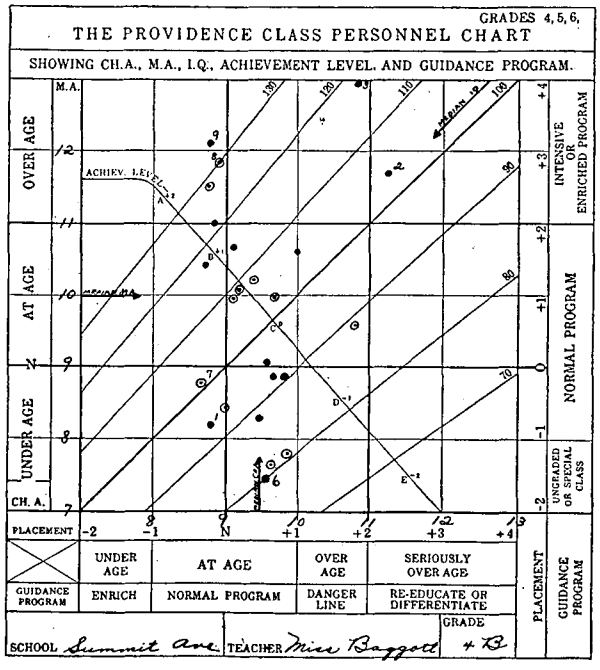
RICHARD D. ALLEN.

TO see these records come alive was a thrilling sensation. Dots, lines, medians, implicit coordinates took form as living children—not mechanical children, not children in the mass, but individual children, individual personalities with individual characteristics calling for and receiving individual consideration. There are approximately forty thousand children in the public schools of Providence, Rhode Island; some three thousand enter the first grade each year; some three thousand more are in the kindergarten, six thousand in the high schools. And yet from the time these children enter the primary grades until five years after they have gone out into employment or college, every one of them is known and dealt with as an individual.

Look for a moment at the sample class personnel chart reproduced on this page. The best records are only tools; they come alive only when used by teachers with creative imaginations. This chart came alive for me because I was sitting at the side of the man who devised it, and who is inspired by an essentially religious consecration to the life that is in the individual child. I cannot convey the intangible quality that made it certain that as he spoke the very children represented by those numbers and dots were pulsing presences to his mind's eye. His records were important only as tools of discovery and guidance. But he did not talk science and take lazy refuge in general impressions, special instances, sentimental platitudes, as is so frequently the case with educational reformers and benevolent employers who will spend vast sums on the scientific study of everything but human beings. To "learn" children you must first learn them. And as I followed him I found myself saying that there is nothing like the patient self-discipline of the truth-seeking scientist to make one meek and lowly in heart.

Read first the explanation under the chart. With this introduction, it is easy to watch the emergence of the individual differences of all the children in this typical scatter in terms of chronological age, mental age and intelligence quotient; chronological or mental overagedness or underagedness in relation to the medians for their grades; and—by running a horizontal line from the individual child's location on the chart until it cuts the achievement level diagonal,—the achievement goal for each individual relative to the general average of achievement of thousands of children whose achievement records have been analyzed. Pretty neat? That would be the normal reaction of the statistical inquirer to whom static statistics are the great *Ding an sich*. As if the chart had been discovered on a sun-baked tile in the buried ruins of Ur of the Chaldees!

BUT Richard D. Allen, Assistant Superintendent of Schools in charge of the Department of Research and Guidance is not interested in records as escapes from the swarming exactions let loose upon principals and teachers by the discovery of individual differences through precise measurement. Such knowledge is currently used in differentiating programs of study and work and play so that each pupil may make the best of the opportunities provided by the schools and so that the schools on their part may readapt their equipment and procedures to individuals and groups of individuals as their needs, aptitudes, desires and abilities are discovered. Children in the upper right hand corner of the chart have been unnecessarily retarded. The school has not given their intelligence full play. Immediately steps are taken to enable them to regain lost time. Children in the lower left hand corner have either been promoted too rapidly or else their intelligence has been underestimated by the group test. The tools of measurement are analyzed, sharpened or redesigned. These children are retested and their program readjusted. Children in the lower right hand corner are over age chronologically, under age mentally, and slow. If their educational tests are also low, they are given a differentiated program, placed in an ungraded class, a prevocational class if they are below the seventh grade, or a "slow" section if they are in a large school whose methods and materials of instruction are of sufficient range to supply the means for individual adaptation. Children in the upper left hand corner are young chronologically, relatively old mentally, and bright. Their program is "enriched" either through reclassification or by individual assign-



EXPLANATION: Vertical lines indicate chronological ages, horizontal lines indicate mental ages, and oblique lines represent intelligence quotients. Each dot locates a child. Child No. 6 has a mental age of 7½ years or 1½ years below the standard or normal age for his grade. Child No. 3 has a M. A. of 13 years, or 4 years above the normal mental age for his grade. Children No. 8 and No. 2 have the same M. A., but No. 2 is 2½ years older than No. 8 and has an I. Q. 26 points lower. Children No. 2 and No. 7 have nearly the same I. Q. but differ 2½ years in chronological age and nearly 3 years in Mental Age. Children No. 9 and No. 1 have the same Ch. A. but differ 4 years in M. A. and 40 points in I. Q. Medians are obtained by counting.

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DISCOVERING THE INDIVIDUAL

Scissors Picture by Martha Bensley Bruère

ment of additional work. Children near the achievement diagonal are assumed to be well graded and are classified by I. Q. or achievement or both after the conspicuous varients from "normal" have been attended to. Of course, this assumption is an indication of the pioneering state of the science of measurement of individual differences. Some day, when these novel techniques are established and the schools are adequately equipped, these "normal" children will also be dealt with as individuals. It is always the "problem" children upon whom we lavish first attention; the good are left to slide in the conventional grooves where such individuality as they have is worn off. But as will presently appear, even they get their turn at special attention in Providence, when they reach the junior high school level and the vocational advisers help them to appraise their equipment in terms of adjustment to the world they will enter when junior or senior high school is behind them.

For these records of discovery and measurement of indi-

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vidual differences do come alive. They yield knowledge so dynamic that it has reorganized the government of the public school system, it is physically reconstructing the school buildings and their equipment, it is reaching out into the homes and industries of Providence and tying them into the program of education, and it has rescued the truants and delinquents from the police blotter, the courts and the juvenile jails and brought them back through a corps of home visitors to the physician, the psychiatrist and the teacher in the schools. Most of the innovations which Providence has adopted and is preparing to introduce may be found in detachment in other school systems. But Providence is exceptional in that its Superintendent of Schools, Isaac O. Winslow, has woven this new knowledge into the texture of the entire school system so that the policy of adaptation to individual differences is not limited to the special classes, the prevocational and trade schools, the platoon schools, the technical and commercial high schools, the medical or psychiatric clinics, but is pervasive. The public schools of Providence tend increasingly to function as an organic unity largely because the Department of Research and Guidance enables every principal, teacher, adviser and central office executive to see the bearing of every facility upon the educational problem of each child.

THIS integral quality resulted from the fact that each step in the reorganization of the public schools of Providence was taken in response to an ascertained need of the children and initially of the "discards" whose conspicuously inadequate preparation for life at the end of their legally enforced attendance at school was interpreted not so much as an indictment of them but rather as an indictment of the school system itself. Before 1916, boys and girls of fourteen who were bored with school and who cluttered up the mechanical grind of the system, were simply turned adrift. Why they left school, whether they landed in jobs or jail, it was nobody's business to find out. In that year, the Consumers' League of Providence sought the cooperation of employers, the School Committee and the City Council with a view to the establishment of a placement bureau for juvenile workers similar to those which had recently been started in Boston. The city fathers declined to cooperate on the ground that it was not the business of the schools to find jobs. They had no patience with the uplifters. They didn't believe in paternalism. It was up to the parents and the children themselves to get them to work. There was too much schooling anyway. *They* had gone to work on the farm or selling papers before they were ten, etc., etc. But the Consumers' League found allies among enlightened employers and among teachers and principals who were aware that the occupational world was not so simple as it had been. There followed such a campaign of public education, wire-pulling and bringing pressure to bear as every reformer worth his salt has at one time or another had to fight through. When the city fathers, bending to political expediency, voted a few dollars, they made conditions designed to kill the proposal in short order. They would prove its folly by sabotaging it. But the war came along with the Junior Division of the United States Employment Service; the Smith-Hughes bill providing a federal subsidy for vocational education became law. These and countless less specific by-products of the great democratic revival changed the political atmosphere.

When Richard D. Allen was asked by the superintendent of schools to organize the placement bureau, the City Council's finance committee had voted $1,800 for six months only, and the School Committee had notified the superintendent that they expected him to use those six months to kill both the bureau and the agitation for it. But from the beginning the superintendent had no intention of letting it die. He had the vision to see that effective individual attention to the "discards" would ultimately lead to individual attention to all children. He considered the placement bureau as an adjunct to the school system first, and only secondarily as the front door of the labor market. Its motivation must be service to the children and the reconstruction of the educational system in their interest. And the young man whom he selected for the job was game. He himself had had to go to work at fourteen and he knew what the "discards" were up against. And because he knew, he immediately began that system of measurement and record which has conclusively established the case not only for the placement bureau but also for a modern system of educational counselling and vocational guidance. Most of the changes in the adaptation of the schools to serve the individual differences of individual children which have come about in Providence since that time have resulted from these scientific records that come alive.

At first only the strays came to the placement office. Few parents had heard about it, and the best of them tended to associate it with the truant officer from whom the children in those days had to get their working papers. The truant officer was an "officer of the law." He signed working papers as a matter of routine on the certification of principals that the children were fourteen and had attended school regularly. No placement office could command the respect of employers when it had only the discards to offer; nor could it win its way with the entire school community—parents, children, and teachers—unless it could demonstrate its ability and desire to serve all the children. The problem was put before a conference of grammar school principals, who voted to send their certificates to the superintendent's office where the placement bureau had its solitary desk. This gave Richard D. Allen his opportunity to interview every child leaving school and to find out why each boy or girl was leaving and what each was planning to do.

AN early discovery was the vaguely articulated feeling on the part of many of the children that the schools were in a conspiracy to defeat them. They had been held in their grades as in a Procrustean bed. If because of illness, the handicaps of foreign birth and language, shifting of residence and accompanying shift from school to school, they happened to have missed out in some of the subjects of the rigidly required course of study, they had had to go back "where they belonged" no matter what their mental age. Always they were unnecessarily retarded, balked and humiliated. If they happened to be of the "slow" type, measured by the rigid grade standards, wanting manual rather than exclusively book education, they were always being flunked out and put down with their chronological juniors. Every day of their lives they had had to take a mental and moral licking, until they hated the thought of school. It was like the situation I have watched in the public schools of New York City and in a little country school, too, where principals and teachers are judged by the marks made by their pupils in the "regents," until the teachers become drill

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masters, the pupils parrots, laboratories give way to recitations, memorizing takes the place of invention and thinking, the children hate school for its injustice and the teachers hate the children who fail. I was talking to a lad of twelve the other day in a back country village. He had flunked the question: "What foods should you not eat?" Among other things, he had said "Strawberries and raw meat." Of course, he was wrong—according to the regents. The answer, he told me, should have been "Coffee, tea and green apples." "But why did you give that answer?" I asked. "Well," said he, "whenever I eat strawberries they bring a rash out on my face; and my parents have taught me that it is better to eat cooked meat or broth than raw meat. Besides, I don't like the way raw meat tastes." He had been learning from experience and his "individual difference." But he hadn't made the grade. The school system wasn't interested in his individual differences and paid no attention to them. And he paid the penalty.

AND so with these discards in Providence, and the thousands more who came to the placement office to get their age and attendance certificates. This blindness of the schools to the needs of individual children, ultimately led to the introduction of the class personnel charts of which I have given a specimen. And this led to the reorganization of the entire system of instruction so that today rigid "courses," or "curricula," are by way of disappearing from the public schools there. Counselling and guidance, which began with the discards, has become educational guidance in the elementary grades as well as vocational guidance in the high schools, because from the beginning Mr. Allen, backed by Superintendent Winslow, looked upon vocational guidance as primarily and essentially educational guidance. As soon as a child enters the first grade, and periodically throughout his elementary school career, he is given a psychological as well as an educational and health examination; he is studied and dealt with as an individual; his work is so adjusted and readjusted that he is always getting ahead, developing a sense of his ability to succeed. The psychology of achievement is replacing the psychology of defeat. The home-room teachers have formed a guidance council so as to consolidate their knowledge of individual children. The regular subjects of study have been supplemented with case conferences, in which through discussion of typical ethical and other problems, the children learn to think of these great issues for themselves and with others and so build up a reasoned code of conduct; there are achievement as well as thrift clubs; a growing range of activities in which individual differences may find room for development under guidance. The big idea is to place the responsibility for planning and carrying out the program of study, work and play upon the children themselves,—but under guidance. And expert guidance needs itself to be guided by such accurate knowledge of individual differences as only precise measurement and systematic record can supply. These the Department of Research prepares and distributes.

Those interviews at the placement desk also revealed that not only the children but also the schools were almost totally lacking in information about the requirements of even the most common occupations as well as about the actual occupational opportunities afforded by the industries of Providence. Such knowledge was outside the scope of the traditionally "cultural." Clearly, if the placement officer had a conscientious interest in children, if his concern was for them and not only with supplying cheap labor, he needed to know a great deal not only about occupations in general but also about specific jobs, and what they would do for these children. And his freedom of choice in seeking the right job necessarily depended upon the children's equipment. There were no apprentice schools for boys and girls of fourteen in Providence at that time and the schools offered no occupational training. This lead to the establishment of a trade school, then of junior high schools with rooms equipped for training in the skilled trades and the arts, later prevocational schools were opened and a technical high school and a commercial high school were substituted for the two additional "classical" high schools that had been planned.

The teachers and principals throughout the school system were sold to the novel idea that acquaintance with the going life of our industrial civilization is quite as cultural as a hazy smattering about the way the Greeks or Egyptians earned their living,—if indeed the Greeks lived by anything besides statues, temples, mule races and the songs that went with them. The counsellors attached to the placement office began to look into the industries of Providence. They turned up such interesting material that it was brought into the class-room for a study. Certain teachers volunteered to teach occupations and to act as vocational advisers. For just as the children in the elementary grades needed help in selecting subjects and activities, so these children of junior high school age needed help in selecting occupations. No one could give such advice who did not know the whole child as an individual. Subject teachers could know only fragments of children. In a modern departmentalized school system a child, during his thirteen years, will pass through the hands of at least seventy different persons, and the number may run as high as 230, depending upon the ingenuity of the program maker. Each child in the secondary schools faces from six to eight different teachers each day; and each teacher faces from 150 to 200 children. To meet this situation, Providence will next year have a staff of sixty advisers "whose duty it is to make a continuous study of the *same* group of pupils over the *entire* period of their stay in school."

THESE occupational advisers are not employment agents. It is not their business to steer this or that child into the first job that offers, or indeed into any particular job Their calling is to bring to all the children the widest possible knowledge of the widest possible range of occupations as a part of their cultural equipment. For three consecutive years in the junior high schools they share with their classes—the children whom they study continuously—all the occupational information they are able to gather. All children in the junior high school grades are required to receive this instruction. While the advisers are not employment agents, it is their duty to help these young people arrive at their own decisions as to what they will do with their lives after they leave school. This requires an unusual amount of tact, skill and forebearance. It requires a knowledge of the whole child and a specific acquaintance with the occupation of his indicated choice. A statement in the Public School Bulletin declares:

> Advisers must know the facts, not guess at them; and they must know what the facts imply. . . . They should not be selected from those who love to advise. Some people conceive of the adviser as a kind of high pressure salesman who backs a pupil into a corner and convinces him that (*Continued on page* 582)

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Prisons at the Breaking Point

By WINTHROP D. LANE

Now, if there should be any great tumult or uproar among the prisoners, then a bell which hangs over the High Hall stairs is rung double, and at the alarm several officers belonging to the goal come running up to quell the mutiny; which being appeased, the ringleaders thereof, who are such high-spirited fellows that they would sooner accept the gallows than a mean trade, are conducted to a long dungeon hung all over with spider texture, and are there sheared, or put into bilboes and handcuffed.

THIS quotation, from an old description of Newgate prison, shows that prison uprisings are not new. They are as old as prisons. They will probably continue as long as we put offenders in prison. Nor is there anything very strange about them; to wish to leave prison is a healthy sign. If a man finds prison life satisfying, he is pretty hopeless and might as well stay there for the rest of his life.

But this does not mean that offenders should be allowed to get out the way they tried to leave Clinton and Auburn prisons in New York the other day. Wholesale jail deliveries, naturally, are not to be tolerated. Society has a right to try to keep people in prison until they will lead better lives, and to this end it may make its own rules for their exit. And there is no place for a rule which allows them to get out after setting fire to everything in sight and killing a few guards. Of the four prison uprisings in the United States in recent weeks, only two were planned attempts by many prisoners to escape. One—the affair at Leavenworth—was apparently merely a blowing off of steam, and the fourth—at Lansing, Kansas—was a dash for liberty by six men. This distinction is important, for it helps to throw light on the causes of the uprisings.

Clinton prison at Dannemora, in the Adirondacks, is known to prisoners as "Siberia." It is far from centers of population. Close by are the resort regions of Lake Placid and the Saranac, and Reinald Werrenrath, the singer, motored over while the riot was at its height to ask if he could be of assistance. The prison has the reputation of being filled with unmanageable men, since disciplinary cases are sent to it, but this is not the whole truth. Northern counties send their prisoners directly to it, and on a high hill is a tuberculosis hospital, receiving tubercular prisoners from all state prisons; this enjoys much the same advantages as the famous Trudeau Sanatorium, not far away.

It was on the morning of Monday, July 22—following a week-end, during which there could have been planning—that the great attempt occurred. The prisoners were in the recreation yard, after breakfast. They were ordered to march to the shops. They refused. A prisoner hurled a stone at a keeper and knocked him down; another keeper was set upon and beaten. This was perhaps the signal, for instantly the whole body of prisoners divided into three groups and rushed the walls. There they tried to pyramid themselves over, rising on each other's backs.

They might as well have tried to rush a well-defended fort. Guards stood on the walls; guards appeared at windows; guards came around corners. The prisoners had no firearms—and the guards were well-armed. When machine gun and rifle bullets let up for a moment, three

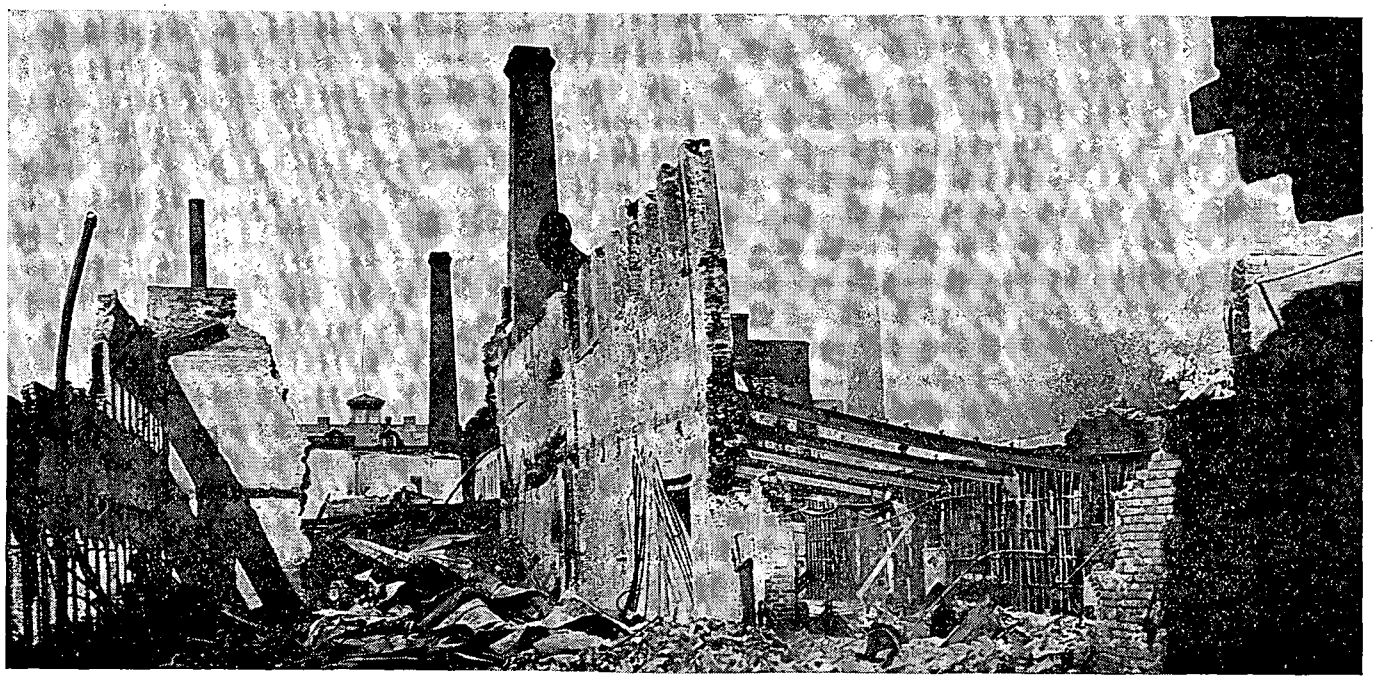

Photo by Underwood and Underwood, New York

"The other prisoners, driven back by bullets or losing their nerve, returned to the prison yard—and the Auburn affair was over except for long rioting and damage by fire"

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prisoners lay dead and twenty were wounded. The rest raced to the protection of buildings.

That is the most important part of the Clinton disturbance. It did not end then, for the prisoners remained mutinous for five hours and set fire to prison buildings, causing damage estimated at $200,000. But this shows the nature of their attempt—and its failure.

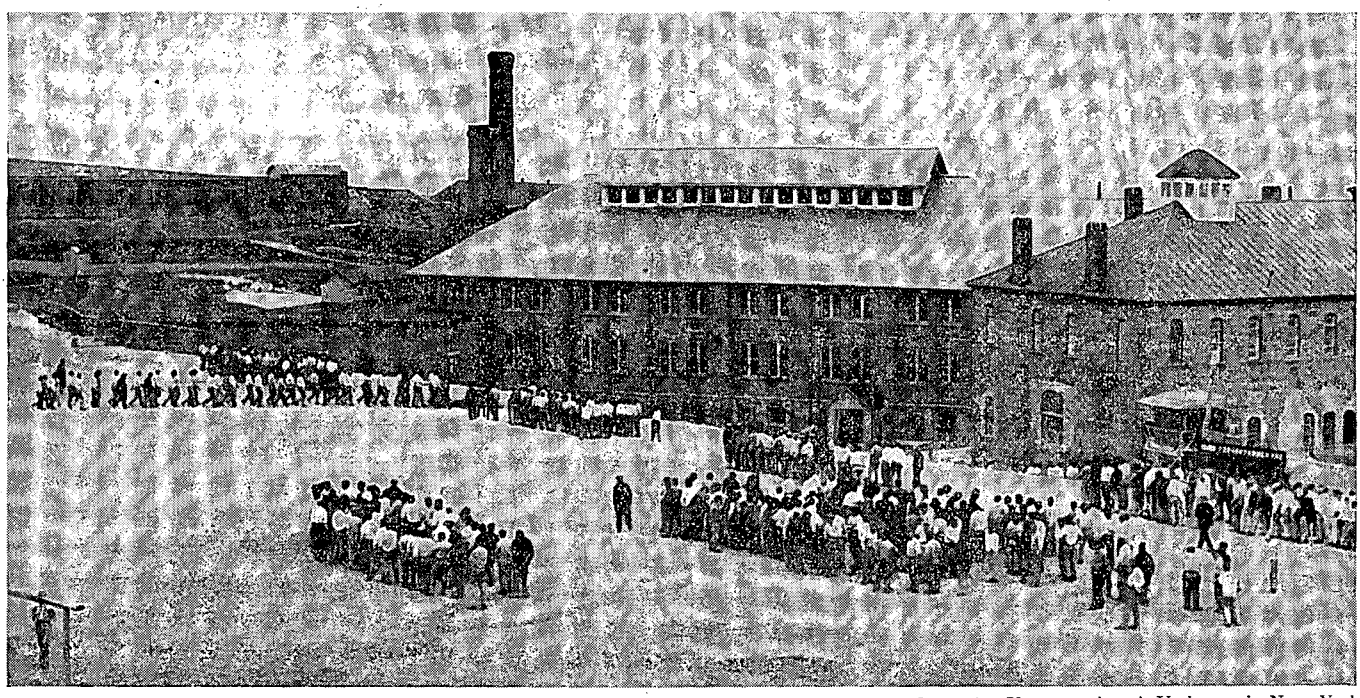

Photo by Underwood and Underwood, New York

The recreation yard of Clinton prison, the "Siberia" of New York criminals, where the mutiny broke out on a July Monday morning as the prisoners were ordered to march to the shops

AUBURN came next—six days later. People instantly concluded that it had been suggested by the other, and it may have been, though the two may also have been planned simultaneously. In any event, the Auburn prisoners improved on the method chosen by their fellow-inmates at Dannemora. They, too, selected a good time—Sunday afternoon. No prisoners were at work. A trusty approached the guard at the gate leading into the administration building and asked to be allowed to enter; the guard, not violating rules, permitted him to. With the gate open, the trusty threw acid into the guard's face—this is the statement of occurrences by the warden, E. S. Jennings—and blinded him. A number of the inmates dashed through the gate. Taking the key to the prison arsenal from the helpless guard, they ran on to the arsenal and unlocked the door; before them lay ammunition and firearms. Seizing pistols and rifles, they raced for the main gate. Here was an extraordinary situation. These prisoners, armed, were dashing for the main gate—and at that point stood a single guard. He saw them coming and with presence of mind worthy of a different sort of warfare he hastily tossed the key over the prison wall to the street. They could do anything they wanted to him, but they could not get that key.

Four of the prisoners were ready for the emergency. Forcing the guard up on the wall, they used him as a shield to protect themselves from bullets from other guards and, getting over the wall themselves, made good their escape. At the moment that I write, they have not been caught. The other prisoners, driven back by bullets, or losing their nerve, returned to the prison yard—and the Auburn affair was over except for long rioting and damage by fire, estimated at $172,000. If the guard had not tossed the key over the wall; if a prisoner had picked him off before he could do so; if one of those who got over the wall had thrown the key back before he dashed on—what might have happened?

Both these affairs were in state prisons in New York. The third—at the United States Penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas—was a very different kind of disturbance. There was no planned attempt to escape, so far as one can judge; the prisoners blew up. When hundreds of them came into the mess hall at noon and found unpalatable food, they refused to eat it; some one threw a dish, and presently all the prisoners were throwing dishes. The riot continued in the yard outside, and the authorities could see no way to quell it except by using guns. One prisoner was killed and three were wounded, and the prisoners succeeded in doing a considerable amount of damage. At the Kansas state prison at Lansing six prisoners serving long terms made a dash for liberty. They did not succeed; two were killed, one wounded and a guard shot in the leg. No one else took part in the uprising.

What has caused these disturbances? Prisoners have not told us. Perhaps they could not tell us if they were asked, for prisoners are poor judges of their own psychology. Official inquiries are under way, and these may produce testimony from prisoners, but for the time being we must exercise our judgment on the available information.

Does a condition exist in New York state likely to induce many prisoners to respond to a proposal for a concerted plan to escape? We are justified in asking this question about New York because, as just seen, Leavenworth and Kansas were affairs of a different kind. In trying to answer the question, I shall be making (*Continued on page* 584)

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Behind the New York Mutinies

By GEORGE W. ALGER

TWO prison riots on a large scale occurring in succession, one at Clinton, followed by one at Auburn, have again called public attention in a sensational way to the prisons of New York and their pressing problems. The reaction in the press to these affairs divides itself into two parts, quite as public opinion usually does on all matters relating to convicts. One is to ascertain the ring leaders and punish them severely for what the convict mobs have done and to make the usual examples as a warning; the other is to find what are the conditions in the prisons themselves which caused two revolts of this kind to occur. If this dramatic event can hold public attention long enough, something valuable may be gained and something may be done which will make the prisons in question less the disgrace which they have been so long to the civilization of the Empire State.

I am I think fairly acquainted with conditions in the New York prisons. Ten years ago I acted as counsel for the Prison Survey Committee of which Adolph Lewisohn was Chairman and which made, with expert aid, a most exhaustive investigation of these prisons and their needs. Mr. Lewisohn's characteristic generosity expended itself without limit in the fullness of this study, quite regardless of expense and a report of over 400 pages was printed and distributed, which had useful results, particularly in prison industries. The great bulk of the recommendations as to structural changes, involving large expenditures, remain untouched. Again in 1926, as Moreland Commissioner, I had occasion to examine the state prisons once more as a whole.

There is, to me, at least, nothing in the riots which have occurred which does not seem to be a logical and almost inevitable culminating result of the conditions which I found and on which I reported to the Governor three years ago. Roughly, these riots were due, I feel, to a combination of three grievances and the psychological state of mind created thereby. I will consider them in order.

1. *Disgraceful living quarters.* The cell blocks at Auburn and Clinton have been called atrocious and barbarous for fifty years and more. There would be no difficulty at all in finding a hundred or more official or semi-official condemnations in that period of these mis-named housing accommodations in these prisons. No one can see the cell blocks of either prison without realizing what prison punishment means in one of its most brutal and degrading forms. The cell block at Auburn is over one hundred years old. Auburn was built in 1816 and Clinton in 1845. Nothing substantial has happened to improve the cell blocks at either prison since the date of their erection.

Clinton cells are slightly larger than those at Auburn, but otherwise no better. The Clinton cells are 7 1/6 feet in depth and four feet wide, and 6 2/3 feet high, except in the oldest and largest cell block where 540 cells are narrower by six or eight inches. It takes little imagination to realize what it means to men to live in a cubby-hole in a stone masonry wall without sanitary provisions of any kind, where the light penetrates but for a few hours a day. The cell blocks in the old prison at Sing Sing, have just been abandoned after 104 years of continuous occupancy. The abandoned Sing Sing cells are substantially the same as are now used in Auburn and Clinton and it has taken 104 years of agitation to produce this desirable result. These cell blocks are anachronisms; they should go, and at once.

2. *Overcrowding.* This overcrowding existed three years ago and has been increasing steadily ever since. When I was in Clinton in August of 1926, it was so crowded that convicts were being sent to the tuberculosis hospital. There were then 164 men in the hospital, of whom only forty were actually sick, the rest being convicts whom the warden thought it was safe to house in the hospital outside of the prison walls. Do not let us forget that the convict in these prisons lives the greater part of his prison life simply as a member of a herd. He awakes

(*Continued on page* 580)

The Needs of New York Prisons

As Reported by Mr. Alger in 1926

(1) A central plan, emanating from the Department of Correction, which takes up the prisons and the reformatories as a whole; determines what improvements are needed, the relative importance of the various improvements, their approximate cost and makes a tentative time-schedule plan for placing the work in operation.
(2) Re-classification of the population of all state prisons and reformatories, based on study of the individual prisoner with co-ordination between the prison authorities and the Division of Mental Hygiene.
(3) Reorganization of the state parole system.
(4) Replacement of ancient cell blocks with steel or reinforced concrete prison cells of approved size, with proper toilets, water and lights.
(5) Additional cells to make provision for present inmates now forced to sleep in corridors and hospitals, and to prevent future over-crowding.
(6) A separate school building at Auburn in which both day and night classes may be held.
(7) Modern factory buildings replacing old industrial buildings at Auburn, and additional modern industrial buildings at Clinton, to provide full employment for inmates.
(8) Development of additional prison industries.
(9) Modification of the law to make possible a just wage plan for prisoners.
(10) Revision and simplification of the whole Prison Law, which is full of antiquated clauses, and obsolete, mandatory provisions that deprive prison management of necessary discretionary powers.
(11) A high quality of administrative ability in the Department of Correction.

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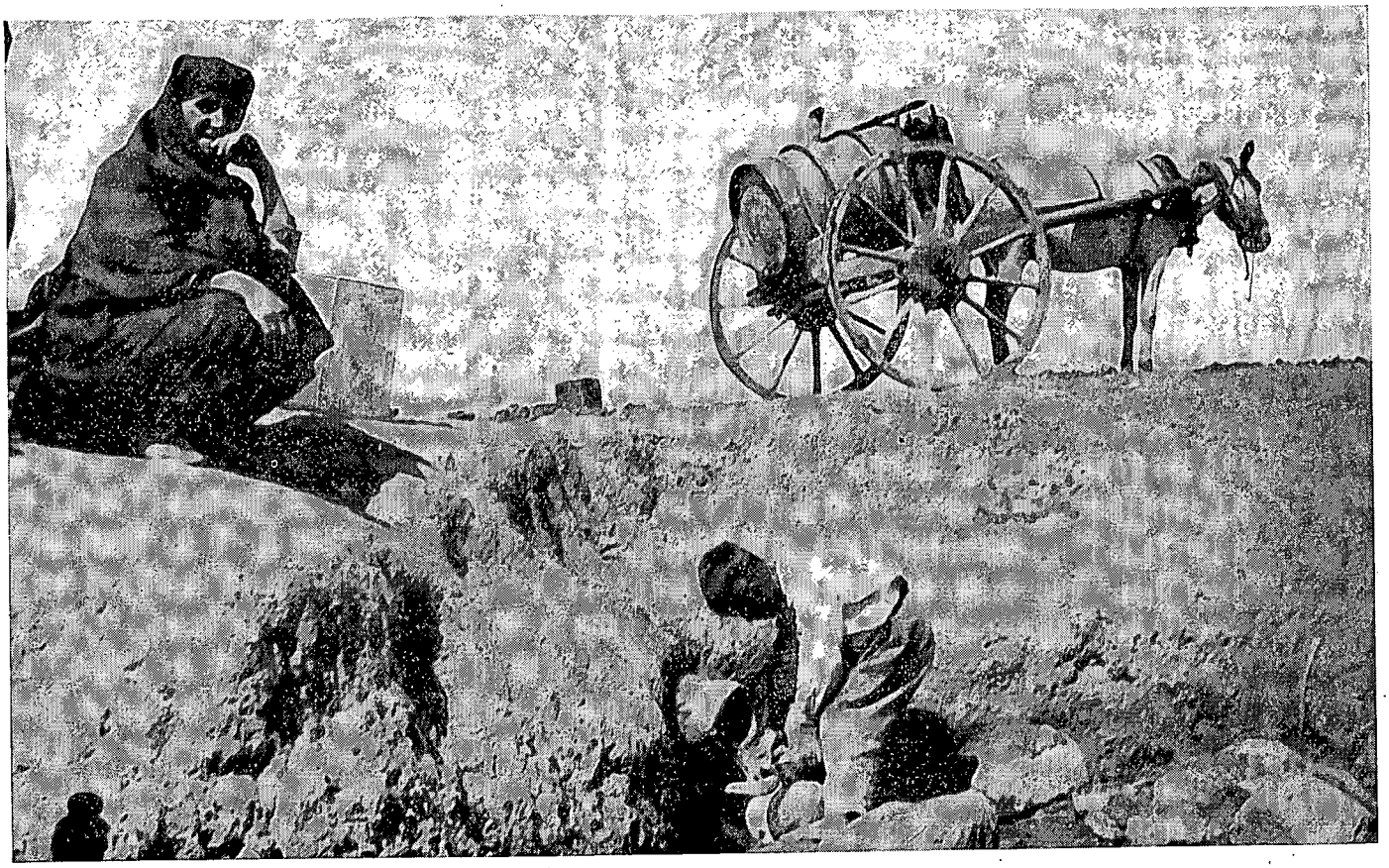

Signs of the new times across the Bosporus—the unveiled woman on a public highway, the American oil can, the protected supply of good water, the happy, helpful child

Children in the New Turkey

By LUCY L. W. WILSON

THE new Turkey—here are unveiled women in the streets, the Latin alphabet, compulsory adult education, all sorts of picturesque changes side by side with political revolution and the end of the sinful, romantic old opera bouffe Empire. But is the renaissance of Turkey an evolutionary process slow enough to make permanent progress? Do the quickening impulses of the new régime find lasting expression in schools, child-caring agencies, a new attitude toward children, a demand for better education, better health, increased opportunity for youth?

He who hopes for a real answer to such questions must leave somnolent, discouraged Constantinople and ferry to Asia Minor, taking the comfortable night express to the new-old capital of Anatolia,—always the stronghold of things purely Turkish. The Angora railroad was built by German engineers with German capital. It was an important link in the *Drang nach Osten*. Later, it became the center of attack in each of the three campaigns of the Graeco-Turkish war between 1919 and 1922. Its subsequent renovation and extension are symbols of the steady achievement in railroad building now being carried on largely by Turkish engineers, with native labor, and financed increasingly from the treasury of the enlightened modern régime.

The road to Angora ascends from the luxuriant subtropical vegetation of the coast to a bare and arid plateau. Shortly before reaching the capital, this desert blooms quite suddenly into a region of farm crops and vegetables. The farm buildings, attractive and modern, include a model canning factory. There are tractors, threshing machines, motor cars. It is the model farm of the president, the Ghazi, Mustapha Kemal Pasha, and a symbol of the attitude of the republic toward its basic industry, agriculture. The chief preoccupation of the ministry of agriculture is to improve the technique of cultivation. To further this a dozen high schools of agriculture have been established, each with its own specialization. That in Smyrna emphasizes cultivation of tobacco and grapes; in Broussa, orchard fruit; in Adana, cotton. A newly established agricultural bank gives loans exclusively to farmers. The state distributes seed, live stock, implements, machines, and even land to the needy. A moderate land tax has taken the place of the old pernicious system of tithes. Military service for farmers has been reduced, and during the harvest season those in service are permitted to work in the fields. Agricultural experiment stations are effectively fighting pests of all kinds.

From the Angora station a broad road leads to the town. On each side of the road stretch the drained marshes,

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formerly responsible for the malaria that caused 75 per cent of the heavy child mortality. Malaria now has been conquered, in Aidin, Broussa and Sansoum as well as in Angora. This is in itself a symbol of what has been and will be done in the republic by dispensaries, hospitals, hospital trains, physicians and numerous other health agencies already functioning and in the making.

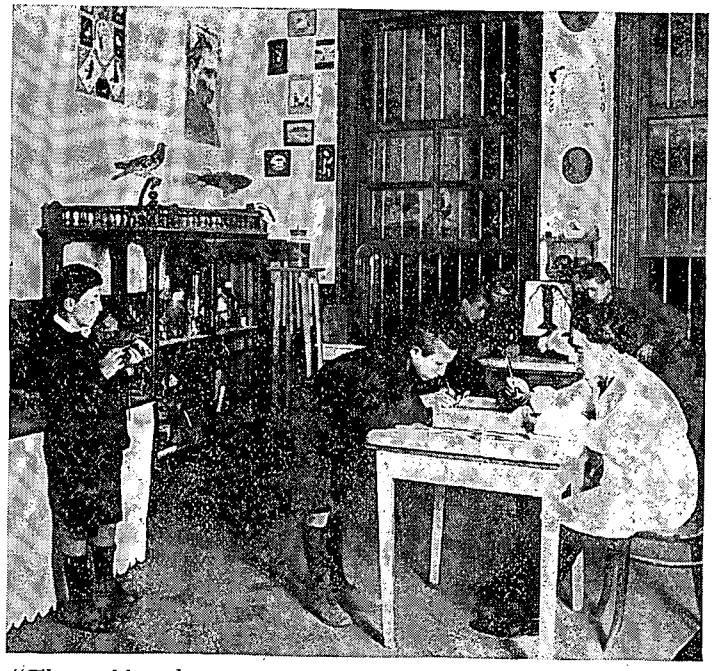
Beyond the dry marshes to the right of the road is the beautiful new parliament house, home of the assembly that elects the president and makes the laws by which the country is governed. Opposite is the handsome Palace Hotel, magnificently appointed and very expensive,—another symbol of the westernization of Anatolia. A short distance from the hotel, past a beautiful cinema music garden, stands a huge equestrian statue of Mustapha Kemal, dominating the market place. To the right and up the hill runs *la rue des Enfants* (the Street of the Children). It leads to the Palaces of the Children (three of them) and to two beautiful elementary schools.

The Palaces of the Children are the headquarters of the Turkish Association for the Protection of Children. This is an incorporated private enterprise. The president is Fuad Bey, who helped organize it. Like most of the leaders in this very new republic, he is a man in the middle forties. Mehmet Ali Bey, a little older, slender, blue-eyed, a graduate of the Sorbonne, once a school inspector (superintendent) directs the huge undertaking with remarkable executive ability as well as an understanding heart. In his office, a map of the country shows the location of 443 centers (1928), an increase of 40 per cent over the previous year and 130 per cent over 1926. The budget of the national organization was $270,000 in 1928, in addition to local budgets. A portion of this income comes from the government, but more of it from personal contributions, yearly dues, and special gifts. Two of the national fete days,—April 23, the anniversary of the organization of the Grand Assembly, and July 23, the birthday of the Republic—are Children's Days in name and in fact. On both these occasions rosettes of paper, sold by the Society for the Protection of Children, are very generally worn. The sale of stamps, cinema and ball tickets adds very considerably to the fund.

The Palaces of the Children are interesting and beautiful within and without. People of both sexes and of every age and social condition, are always to be found there, giving aid or getting help. Every day there is distribution of milk, even to the well-to-do, for on the steppe milk is always difficult to obtain. Sometimes it is sold at cost; sometimes at a lower price; often it is free. It may be plain milk or specially prepared in accordance with a physician's prescription. Every day there are many clinics, some for children, others for parents. Not only does the association distribute medicine but also food, clothing, literature, advice,—medical, legal, educational, vocational. A child-placement bureau concerns itself with *crèches,* and with institutional or family adoption. A class prepares nurses for public health service. Four mid-wives are constantly on duty ready to be sent out at a moment's notice. Outside, there is a garden for mothers and children; inside, a library and baths for both. Two days each week these baths are reserved for school children. The association is concerned, also, with the scientific study of such factors as child mortality and a much-hoped-for increase in birth rate. In addition they publish books and magazines, often beautifully illustrated. This year they issued a volume of stories for children, and another of games, besides the regular monthly Review. In Angora the society has created a *crèche* and a home for orphan children, in a lovely site a few miles out from the city. The *crèches* in Broussa and Constantinople are also very beautifully located. They are not called orphanages but *Daruch Chefa,* "House of Tenderness."

IT must be remembered that even in the days of the empire the attitude of the Turks toward children was admirable. Abdul Hamid in founding a large, well equipped children's hospital, provided that any poor child—Moslem, Jewish, or Christian—should be received for free treatment. Everywhere and by everybody a child was treated with affection and care. Although parents wished their eldest to be a boy and always were prouder of sons than of daughters there was never any of the feeling exhibited in China and in India that girls belonged to a lower order of human beings and that cruelty toward them is natural, at least.

In spite of the efficiency and wide distribution of private charity, in spite of the real poverty of the Turkish State, the government has already organized many public boarding schools of elementary grade. This new type of school was created especially to care for the war orphans—"children of our martyrs." It must be remembered that Turkey was at war practically continuously from 1912 to 1922.



"The public elementary schools try to follow the light that John Dewey gave them"

The teaching in these free boarding schools is generally along modern lines. Health education, out-of-door activities, and physical training are of paramount importance. Life Knowledge, that is to say, experiences in the world of nature, in human relations, and in work, leads the way to abundant practice in reading, writing, counting, drawing, and other useful arts. Very consciously, as in all the other public elementary schools, they try to follow the light that John Dewey gave them—for the first three years of school at any rate. After that they teach subjects, like many of the rest of us.

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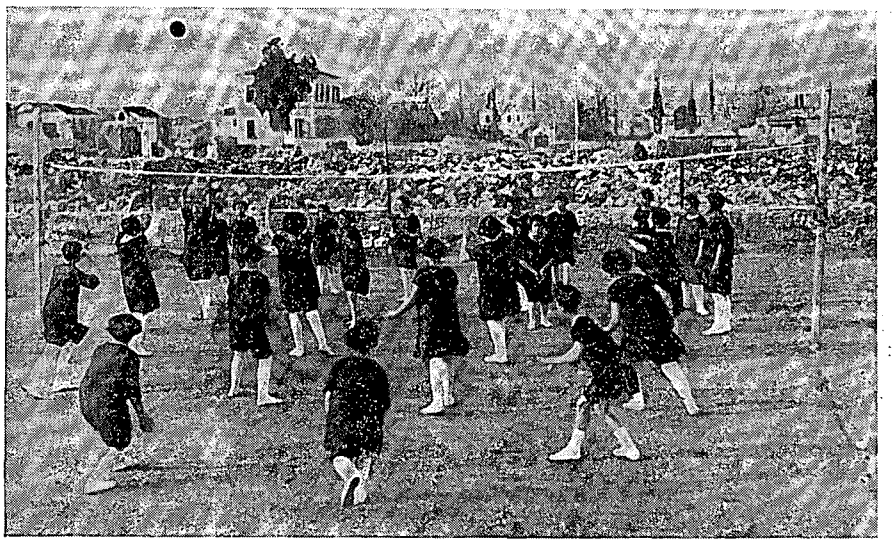
In the Turkish Republic, all the elementary schools are coeducational. Opposite the Palaces of the Children, in Angora, are two beautiful modern elementary school buildings. Originally one was named Mustapha, the other Latifé, one for boys, the other for girls. But when Mustapha divorced his wife, merely by saying so three times in succession, then both the schools were called by his name and both schools became coeducational. The teaching in these schools is just as modern as the teachers know how to make it. Music is an integral part of the instruction. There are well-planned excursions every Monday afternoon. The girls are taught practical household arts while the boys have similar teaching and practice in agriculture. Both boys and girls spend two hours a week in the study of religion, one hour on the Koran and the other on the life of Mohammed, each from the historical viewpoint.

What a contrast with the past! In the days of the Empire the Turkish elementary schools were attached to a mosque and education began and ended with repetition of the words of the Koran,—Arabic, not Turkish. There was no attempt, even, to translate it into the common tongue. In the *Memoirs* of Halidé Edib one gets a vivid picture of the former attitude of the Turks toward education. "Thy father does not want thee to learn before thou art seven," said her grandmother to her when the little Halidé begged to be allowed to learn to read. "It is stupid of him. I started at three, and in my days, children of seven knew the Koran by heart," not in their own language, of course. Arabic is a tongue little understood. A grandmother of my acquaintance resented it bitterly when her grandchild explained the meaning of a portion of the Arabic service in the mosque. "You have made it childish," she said, "All the mystery and beauty have gone from it. I shall never enjoy listening to it again."



Freed from ancient codes, modern Turkish girls go in for outdoor sports

Halidé Edib describes very graphically the usual ceremony of the *bashlanmak,* entrance into learning. The little girl was dressed in silk and jewels and a gold-embroidered bag for the alphabet hung round her neck on a gold cord. At her feet was a silk cushion. All the other school children walked behind the carriage, the older ones singing. Usually the song was, "The rivers of paradise as they flow murmur, Allah, Allah. The angels in paradise as they walk sing Allah, Allah," and then all the children shouted together *"Amin, amin."* As the procession went through the streets, other children, most of them waifs and strays, joined the line. Arrived in the school, the new pupil knelt on her cushion and kissed the hand of her teacher, repeating the alphabet after her.

The entrance of a boy into education was, as might be expected, even more ceremonious. Teachers, walking backward, headed the procession. Then came the boy, magnificently dressed, mounted on horseback. Immediately after him walked three pupils from the school. One carried a beautifully bound hand-written Koran on a silk cushion, another its bookstand, and the third, a velvet writing case. Then followed the rest of the pupils together with many other children. As they marched the teachers chanted verses said to be written by the Prophet,—eulogies of knowledge, of brotherly love, of parents, of teachers, of the Sultan, together with good wishes for the new pupil.

The entrance of a child into school, whether boy or girl, meant the distribution of much candy and many coins. Every family who could afford to do so arranged beforehand for a few poor children to share the ceremony and afterwards paid their tuition fees. Charity always has been a cardinal virtue and a beautiful practice among Moslems.

What a change in a single generation, from the worst type of rote-learning to a fair type of activity school! That the leaven is working may be guessed from what the "Old Ones" are saying: "The present day youth wants everything but believes nothing. No longer are they satisfied with the world of their fathers," they complain. "They want the right to reform everything. They are against war and racial and religious controversies. The greatest dominating ideal is that of material success—to 'get ahead.'"

This has a familiar sound. It is a plaint that has traveled round the world and across the ages. It needs to be matched with reality, however, no matter where or when one hears it. In Anatolia the reality is that in spite of obvious poverty an air of hope and well-being has taken the place of the utter misery and fatalistic acceptance that preceded the republic. The peasants look vigorous, the children hardy and well-nourished. Even the animals are in fair condition. Both men and beasts give an impression of freedom and courage quite unusual anywhere in the Orient, and everybody, old and young, man and woman, is interested in education. Sports and out-of-door games have reached the smallest villages. It is now an everyday sight to see father and son playing foot ball together, in marked contrast with the former attitude that found sufficient satisfaction in indolently watching slaves or gypsies dance. But it must not be forgotten that in the hey-day of their power, the Ottoman Turks excelled in all kinds of sports,—archery, tennis, quoits, wrestling, *djereed* (polo).

Physical education has come into its own in this new Turkey. Last summer Selim Sirri Bey, the able director of physical training in Constantinople, took a group of his students to the Amsterdam Olympiad. Thence he traveled into Germany and came back full of enthusiasm for the new ideals and accomplishments of German leaders in

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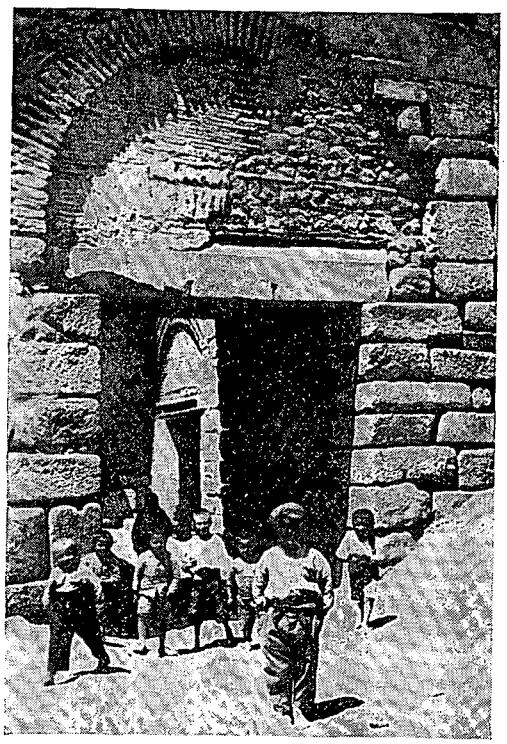
physical education. He believes thoroughly in emancipation from the military motive and the denial of the Jahn idea that muscle is king. He believes, too, that before fortifying the muscles all articulations must be made supple, in whole-body movements, with perfect harmony between mind and body. Best of all, he believes in the physical education of women.

The new Turkey has still a high percentage of illiteracy but the introduction of the Turkish alphabet (Latin in form) to take the place of the Arabic characters is accomplishing miracles.

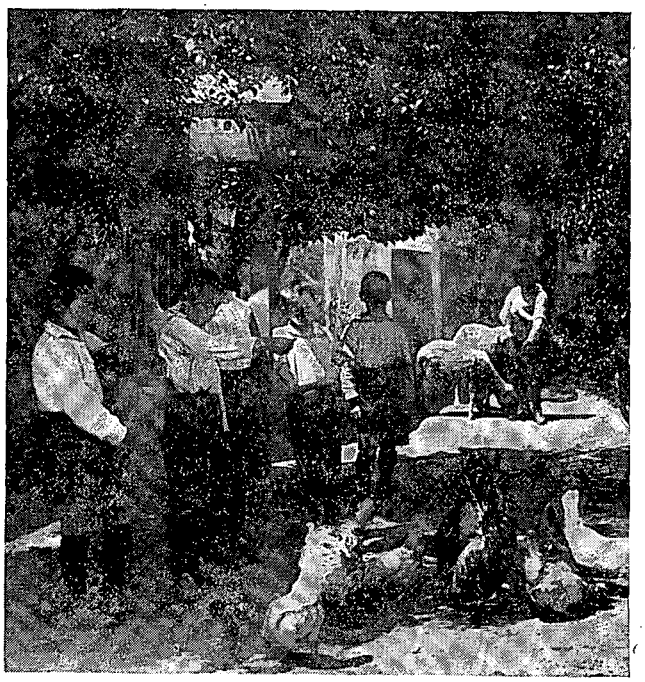
In addition to the usual tools for continuing education beyond formal schooling which are common to all civilized countries, such as clubs, concerts, art exhibitions, museums, libraries, not all of them well developed even in Constantinople, the indigenous *ojaks* (forums) deserve special mention. They were born in the medical school twenty years ago but very speedily developed into discussion groups on more general topics. Even before the revolution they concerned themselves with the liberation of women and the release of the people from the stagnation of oriental thought and life. Women were admitted to their conferences and put on committees. Now there are nearly three hundred groups with more than 40,000 members. They organize conferences and expositions and give courses in foreign languages, music, Turkish history, and in the history of revolutions. They open libraries and reading rooms, in addition to carrying out much social work, especially with children of school age. They organize excursions at regular intervals. They publish an important monthly review. The *ojaks* in Angora last year undertook the sanitation of some forty villages, securing necessary medical attention, distributing medicine and health-propaganda posters.

Every year delegates from the local groups meet in Angora. The congress of 1927 was asked by Persia to develop similar institutions there. They decided that while the Persians were at liberty to study their methods and to use any or all of their devices, their own heads and hands were too full with Turkish needs to work out details for any other country!



Every-day children within the walls of Turkey's new-old capital

In a few years, many drastic changes have been inaugurated in Turkey with lightning-like rapidity. The Sultan, the Sultanate, the Ottoman Government and the Caliphate have been swept aside. The Moslem schools and the dervish orders followed, their properties confiscated to the State. Foreign concessions have been abolished. The veil of the women and the seclusion of which it was a sign have disappeared. The fez, old forms of salution, Turkish time, both clock and calendar, the harem, the eunuch system, polygamy, one-sided divorce—all have vanished.



"Experiences in the world of nature . . . lead the way to useful arts"

The racial energy that once changed oriental fatalism into brutality is now expressing itself in public works, sanitation, social justice, child welfare, and public education.

We return to the question with which we began our discussion—Is the renaissance of Turkey an evolutionary process slow enough to make permanent progress? Or is it an overrapid revolutionary change?

Let us seek the answer of the Turks themselves in the Book of Mustapha Kemal (quoted in *Current History*):

> European civilization is based on three great foundations: first, the rights of man; second, national culture; third, national economy or finance. The Turkish Revolution also shall be based on these three foundations . . . Turkish rights, Turkish culture, and Turkish economy . . . Life is logical and tragic, but it is plain. . . .
>
> The mentality of Europe is the mentality of this world; while we live in this world, we act by it. The mentality of Asia is the mentality of the next world; in the next world we shall act by it. . . . The nations which live at the present time are all on the west of us, whereas the East represents a series of nations whose rights to live have not been recognized. . . . It is the West that represents the happiest life, the strongest state organization, and the truest human life. We must learn their art of living. . . . Our colleges had one logic, one mentality only, that is, to deduce everything from the religious books; whereas the western mentality sees life with the human eye and organizes its life accordingly. We must know that the two cannot agree. . . . We have tried to compromise between the two, but the compromise has been impossible. . . . We have not faced these facts squarely. . . . This is the danger for the Republic.

But the real touchstone by which to test their progress, and, at the same time, to look into their future, is the new attitude of the Turks toward women, toward children, and toward education.

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"TRYING TO SOLVE LABOR ISSUES BY FORCE"

Drawing by J. H. Donahey

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Trying to Bury the Big Stick

By DONALD RICHBERG

Drawings by J. H. Donahey

AS I entered the senator's private office, he waved his hand toward a huge blackboard covered with white letters and lines. "See what you think of that." It was a diagram of a law he was proposing. Twenty-five printed pages had been translated into a few sentences set off in squares connected and related to each other by heavy lines and arrows.

"I am going to take that into the committee room and then onto the floor of the Senate," he explained. "The hardest thing to do is to get these men to think. I must make them see it without thinking. Most of them won't read the bill and those who do won't study it enough to know what it's all about."

Just a few days before I had sat in the gallery of the House of Representatives when the Republican floor leader, Nicholas Longworth, was speaking against this same bill. He misstated the central provision so absurdly that a roar of protest drove him red-faced from the floor. Yet a week previously, I had given him a condensed summary of the bill, together with a simple chart and offered to spend any amount of time desired in explaining the whole document.

"No," said the leader, "we have decided to oppose the bill, so there's no use talking about it!"

"We" meant the Steering Committee, of which, so far as I could ascertain, not a single member had made a careful study of the bill—which the entire Republican organization, from the White House down, was to oppose in this session of Congress and then (after a limited revision) was to support and pass in the next session. The "regulars" did not need to study the Howell-Barkley bill in 1924, because the "business interests" generally were opposed to any program offered by organized labor for the peaceful settlement of industrial disputes. They were still devoted to the program of "deflating labor." But another strategy was rapidly developing. The philosophy of "high wages" (to support high prices) was taking hold. Schemes for controlling labor organizations through company unions, group insurance, employe stock-ownership and similar devices, were gaining ground. Thus two years later the Watson-Parker Bill (a revision of the Howell-Barkley Bill, agreed to by both railway employers and employes) became a law, entitled the Railway Labor Act.

Only thirteen senators and thirteen representatives voted against the revised bill and more of the leaders in each house read the bill that was passed than the bill against which they filibustered two years before. But it was still very difficult to get members to think about the proposed legislation—as the opposition learned when their elaborate arguments were washed out in the final roll-calls.

Those who carry on successful campaigns to elect public officials, or to pass or defeat legislation, know very well that "public opinion" is not a thought, but an emotion. "Public demand" speaks for organized desire, rather than for organized need.

An understanding that very few community leaders either think for themselves, or are capable of such thinking, is very important in speculating as to where we are going in the next generation. For about thirty years I have been noting in all varieties of social relations how bored and annoyed most people are when asked to think out any problem, unless action is immediately necessary. The cigar-store clerk, the senator, the manufacturer, the judge, the dinner partner and the members of the family—all yawn politely when one "theorizes" about labor relations. But when a great strike makes it necessary for "intelligent persons" to have opinions—or to do something, like issuing an injunction—then the "theorists" on both sides of the argument are hastily called upon to supply the ideas needed to rationalize self interest.

Theory lures and guides the explorer. Science builds roads where theory had blazed trails. And so "theorists" produce most of the thinking necessary to human progress; while "practical" men, scornful of theories, just keep the wheels going round. This is a useful service; but the improvement and the direction of social mechanisms are also matters of some importance. Probably the theorist has been nowhere more unwelcome, and the practical men nowhere more arrogant and incompetent, than in the field of labor relations. The officers of large corporations and the heads of labor unions have quite generally agreed upon ignoring the advice of "intellectuals" in the solution of these common problems.

MY thoughts go back to a conference of friendly lawyers called by Samuel Gompers in 1922 to give volunteer aid to the American Federation of Labor in the handling of some knotty questions. We all recognized and discussed the serious organic weakness in the lack of a legal department (and an economic research department) in the federation. We knew that any suggestion of the sort would create the suspicion that some one was "looking for a job." In a private discussion with President Gompers concerning some of our tactfully worded recommendations, he told me with amused scorn about how a certain lawyer had often urged upon him that the federation should provide something like a department of justice for the labor movement. "Of course *he* would have been the attorney-general!" exploded Gompers, with knowing laughter.

Long before I represented labor organizations to any considerable extent I had observed that each employer among my clients had his own "system" for dealing with employes. If he made money he was doubly assured that he knew "how to handle labor." But if he lost money he never questioned his capacity as an employer. One man told me all the details of how he bankrupted and lost control of a large enterprise

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because of his battle with a labor union. Until I suggested it, he frankly admitted that he had never thought of consulting someone who might know more about the "labor game" than he knew. Other employers, as "wise" as this one, employ detective agencies, that fatten on labor disputes, to help them keep out of trouble! They infiltrate their shops with spies who stir up strife in order to justify their employment. "Theorists" who would advise against such follies are as unwelcome as labor agitators.

In the year 1925 a joint committee representing railroad employers and railroad employes made the first draft of the present federal law for the settlement of railway labor disputes. Then Colonel Thom, as counsel for railroads, and I, as counsel for the unions, were called in to rewrite the draft in language appropriate for a bill to be introduced in Congress. We were informed that critical comments were not desired, that we were to be "good," that we were not to wrangle in lawyer fashion to give advantage to our clients. They had done their own bargaining. We were only to carry out their program. Thus deference was paid to the traditional employer-employe scorn of "expert advice."

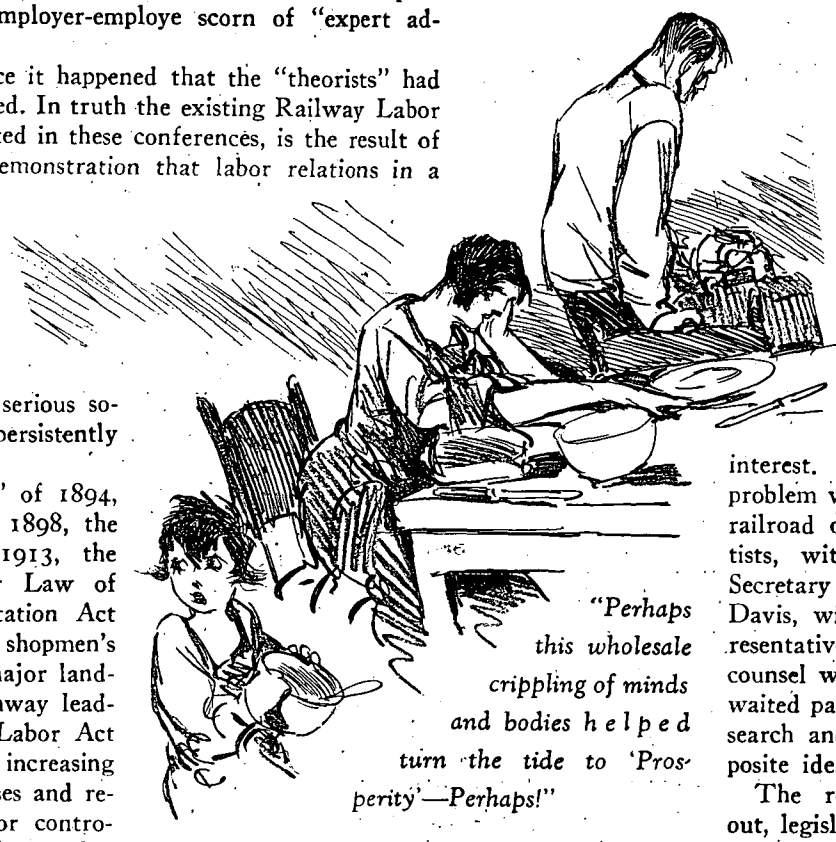
But in this instance it happened that the "theorists" had not been really scorned. In truth the existing Railway Labor Act, which was drafted in these conferences, is the result of a long and tragic demonstration that labor relations in a great essential industry must be handled in a scientific manner, upon theories developed out of careful, honest research; or great economic losses and serious social conflicts will persistently recur.

The "Debs strike" of 1894, the Erdman Act of 1898, the Newlands Act of 1913, the Adamson Eight-hour Law of 1916, the Transportation Act of 1920 and the shopmen's strike of 1922, are major landmarks along the highway leading to the Railway Labor Act of 1926. Through increasing research into the causes and results of railroad labor controversies, there gradually developed one common understanding among representatives of employers, employes and the public: some "method" must be found whereby each of the three groups could protect and promote its interests in the actual operation of the industry. When men of competitive interest begin looking for a "method" of cooperation the rule of dull-minded, stubborn fighters is passing. Perhaps in a thousand years more it may be gone!

Self-destructive money control, labor strikes and public regulation had taught all partisans in the transportation industry some humility; had induced some willingness to listen to each other; had caused them to study, to reflect, to counsel even with "academic theorists," to experiment with new social programs. Oscar Wilde defined the Philistine as one "who upholds and aids the heavy, cumbrous, blind, mechanical forces of society, and who does not recognize dynamic force when he meets it either in a man or a movement." The Philistines were losing authority in the railroad labor field.

When Colonel Thom was testifying in support of the Watson-Parker Bill of 1926 he was asked to explain the change from his attitude of opposition to the similar Howell-Barkley Bill of 1924. He replied with disarming candor that "if I am to be a man of affairs . . . I have got to know a fact when I meet it in the road." The railroad presidents for whom he spoke were not all Philistines, unable to understand the dynamic force of the railway labor movement.

The Railroad Labor Board, created by the Transportation Act of 1920, had been the device of employers for settling labor disputes. Despite its apparently three-sided organization, it became in operation a one-sided—or at most a two-sided—mechanism for dealing with a three-sided problem. When the third group, the employes, could tolerate it no longer they devised a substitute law which was proposed jointly by Senator Howell of Nebraska and Congressman (now Senator) Barkley of Kentucky in 1924. The railway labor unions had tried, as well as a group of partisans could, to make their proposal three-sided, to establish a fair balance between the powers of the three competing forces of owner, worker and public interest. They had discussed their problem with reasonably open-minded railroad officers, with political scientists, with public officials such as Secretary Hoover and Secretary Davis, with many senators and representatives. They had even taken counsel with a group of lawyers and waited patiently during months of research and restatement of their composite ideas.



"Perhaps this wholesale crippling of minds and bodies helped turn the tide to 'Prosperity'—Perhaps!"

The resulting, carefully worked out, legislative proposal met the combined opposition of all the railroad managements, the principal commercial organizations, including the powerful anti-labor-union manufacturers, and the Republican and Democratic official leaders in Congress. The unions fought for a fair consideration of their program with one principal weapon—scientifically organized education, supported by a voting power too vigorous to be ignored. Undoubtedly the political strength of the railroad employes earned them an attention that might otherwise have been denied, and insured them some congressional votes that would not have come from a mere appeal to reason. But the balance of power in Senate and House, between the natural partisans of employer and employe interests, came from men who were induced to study and became convinced that the existing law was a failure and that the employes were

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proposing a substitute which was worthy of a trial.

The House committee refused to give the bill a hearing. A majority of the House voted to take the bill from the committee. The Republican leaders started a filibuster. The light in the Capitol dome burned late. For two long days the parliamentary battle raged on the floor; and after twenty-four roll-calls a majority still supported the Barkley Bill. Then the session ended. On the Senate side, after extended hearings, a majority of the Interstate Commerce Committee reported out the Howell Bill with a few amendments and a recommendation that it should pass. (I can still see the shining eyes of dear "Old Bob" LaFollette who came from his sick-bed to fight and vote for that favorable report!) But this action came too late for a vote upon the floor.

For weeks and weeks the officers of the labor organizations had tramped the marble corridors of the Capitol, interviewing and reporting upon the attitude of every Senator and Representative, leaving pamphlets, preparing special memorandums, furnishing information, debating opposing arguments, supplying ammunition to friends. And all over the country the local lodges had been organizing sentiment in congressional districts to refute the claim that the workers were asking for "special legislation" and "ignoring the public interest." Despite a suffocating opposition, the organized railway workers had demonstrated that the Railroad Labor Board must go; that Congress would find some new method of harmonizing industrial relations on the railroads; that the new law would be written either with the aid of railroad managements, or else written over their protests. These were some of the facts that Colonel Thom, the wise legal adviser of the railroad presidents, found it necessary, as a man of affairs, to recognize when he met them in the middle of the road.

So it happened that the next year a conference committee of railway presidents and labor leaders was organized; the Howell-Barkley Bill was revised; the wobbly blessing of the Coolidge administration was bestowed upon the agreement of employers and employes; the chairmen of the Senate and House committees (Senator Watson and Representative Parker) introduced the revised bill on January 7, 1926; it was passed with only 13 votes against it in each house, and signed by the President on May 20, 1926. Thus began a new and vitally important experiment in social cooperation.

No social scientist, of course, ignores the profound issue that has developed between the idealism of self-government and the actuality of big business. The inevitable effect of massing the production of goods and services into enterprises of national and international size is to dwarf the individual to a social and political insignificance. The "independent citizen" tends to disappear—even in the professional classes. Dependent workers—wage-earners, salaried men, tenants, "hired men" of every degree—tend to increase. These dependents become more vitally interested in the immediate programs, policies and orders of commercial sovereigns than in remote political idealisms.

The copper miner was not likely in 1929 to be enthused over anti-trust legislation when his wage was rising ten cents a day with every cent which the mine-owners' control could add to the price of copper. The railway worker found it safer in 1920 to get an increased wage out of increased transportation rates, in order to meet an increased cost of living, than to accept a lower wage in 1921 in the vague hope that lower rates might bring a lower cost of living. More and more the tendency of concentrating industry is to make the individual primarily the subject of a business empire and secondarily a citizen of the republic. The increasing size and power of these commercial empires hastens the day when either the idealism of self-government must cease to control political government or it must take control of economic government.

The national sovereignty can be no more than a composite of its sovereign parts. Feudal barons in England maintained a feudal kingdom and forced a charter of their liberties from their king. Thirteen democratic states in America established a federal republic of limited powers. Then, as political state sovereignty declined and the commercial rule of national corporations rose, the political government of the nation became more and more representative of national commerce. When Calvin Coolidge said that the "business of America is business," many people actually applauded—as though the announcement of our spiritual degradation were a cause for pride! But the Harding-Coolidge era at least made it plain that unless the commercial empires within our democracy are transformed into industrial democracies, the actuality of a political democracy will disappear.

Against the autocratic control of industry only one effective opposition has been developed and maintained—the unions of wage-earners who have demanded a voice in the regulation of their wages and working conditions. Primarily these unions have sought, not to participate in, and to assume responsibility for, the control of industry, but merely to recapture a larger share of the gains produced. But the pressure of reality has forced even the most simple-minded leaders to extend their program. To assert the employer's responsibility to his employes, to demand adequate pay and decent working conditions, was a simple and appealing cry for justice when thousands of employers were competing for customers and for workers. (*Cont. on page* 589)

"The independent citizen tends to disappear"

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Zaida—Chronic Runaway

By BETH ROBERTS

Illustrations by Hiram Myers

"She had charm. . . . She was so sure her entertaining ways would stay the hand of calamity in any pinch. She really had a flitting spark of something they wanted to give a chance"

HELLO, Sweetie, aren't you glad I went so far this time, so you could get a nice week-end trip? Boy, won't we have a swell ride home in the new car!"

Thus Zaida's greeting to her long-suffering Aid Lady, arriving to retrieve her *for the last time* from a strange detention home two states away. Positively, this was to be the last time. Never before had Zaida stolen money to finance her travels. Always until then she had vamped her way.

Strange detention homes, strange cities, strange states were Zaida's meat. More and more freely she interlarded them into the endless succession of "free homes," (long ago outworn—people had to be heavily subsidized to undertake her now, so near fourteen) "boarding homes," and just plain voluntary visits-to-strange-ladies-who-have-no-childish-prattle-at-home. She knew all the layouts and she *loved* change. Change had been her daily fare since her toddling (day) nursery years. If it seemed slow in coming she just stirred herself and evaporated long enough to be sure that the last person who had had her would never want to see her again. The world was her home.

"My father vamoosed before I was born. I call that a dirty deal, don't you? Ma's a dub, though. You wouldn't live with her, either. She's so cracked on that angelic Lucy of hers. Lucy's just beautiful-but-dumb, but Ma don't have the sense to see it. She's always squealing on me. You'd think she had a bum for a sister to hear her talk."

AS an engaging imp in a constantly shifting scene Zaida escaped legal attention until she was ten. Then in despair her hardworking but none too bright mother had asked the court to keep track of her, and she was committed to a child-caring agency for salvage through skilled foster-home placement. In detention, Zaida was the life of the party, and departed leaving desolation and bearing gifts. In fact, "departed bearing gifts" came to be a necessary coda in the rhythm of future placements and removals. Exit star from stage with flowers. Likewise, in the playroom of the agency she was adorable. She captivated executives, psychologists and visitors alike. So natural, so original, so affectionate, so generous! They were all going to do such a brilliant piece of work on her. Simultaneously, Zaida sized them up and just as enthusiastically began to do her brilliant piece of work on them.

There withstood her, however, just one wise, seasoned and rather grim psychologist who called a spade a spade and did not quite so cheerfully predict. She made mental reservations about that dull-normal mental rating and frankly said it might take more years than there were left to undo and refashion in time to prevent disaster. It took that kind twice as long to unlearn old behavior patterns and learn new ones, she knew. Then you must count in the time it would take to make Zaida *want* to change. For ten years running away had won every point for her. Why should she allow herself to be so easily disarmed of her most useful weapon and renounce the trophies it brought in? She would need a very potent substitute.

Why indeed? No signs of disarmament appeared. Zaida ran away. Somebody ran after her. City placements were endless and hopeless. Zaida took little outings that stood her foster mother's hair on end one day and singed it with mortification the next. She also brought home an astonishing assortment of newly-found friends,—human, canine, feline, that took quantities of tact to evict. After a hard day and a big scene Zaida would become charming and penitent and atone by cleaning house like a four-dollar slavey—a service few foster mothers could resist. She would then be so domesticated and helpful for a week or two and her foster mother would turn in such hopeful reports of reform that the agency would chant with satisfaction, "Little by little the twig is bent."

Inevitably, each home grew tedious to our little star and she sought a new stage. One day she roller-skated downtown for several miles to the heart of the city and there went window-shopping. Kind ladies bought the poor motherless little girl several things her heart craved, and one even took her home to lunch, prepared to undertake permanent mothering of this sparkling little slip of a thing. After relating a fascinating, pathetic and entirely fictitious life history to the kind lady, Zaida became bored. Within an hour or two she had simply walked out and—moved on.

Sustained by the nice food, she sought a little entertainment and obtained a ticket for a movie by simply looking

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wistful in the foyer, and afterwards found she had the evening on her hands. She was an assiduous follower of the advertisements and a radio fan, so with all assurance she looked up the broadcasting station giving junior concerts and offered her services, which were accepted. Zaida then realized one of her heart's desires. She sang over the radio and had millions for her public. By that time her pathetic life history had been embroidered to the point of becoming news, and just about midnight the hand of authority removed her from an entrancing *tête-a-tête* with a delighted city reporter who was eagerly absorbing all the copy she could hand him. Zaida, in retrospect, long afterwards said, "That was one of the swellest days I ever had."

Two years of this sort of thing with Zaida trumping almost every trick. "Security" was that year's password in social work, but nobody discovered and announced that the shelter of a loving home was not the sort of security Zaida was striking out for. Her kind was the security of adulation from an admiring public. City-bred—gutter-bred, she could take care of herself in all the usual extremities with one hand tied behind her. Better still, sensuality did not attract her in itself. Her interests were all turned outward—and then scrambled. Original, vivacious, a born comedian, no one ever connected her up with the stage by word or hope or even a settlement dramatic class. She never was in one neighborhood long enough to shake down into any of the community activities. One could hardly see the real Zaida for the hectic buzz she kept going about her. Once it occurred to one of her many visitors that a super-normal I. Q. might not be necessary to be a vaudeville success when one could entertain all sorts of people as easily as Zaida did by just being herself. But that was as far as it got, for Zaida sidetracked the first overture by perversely developing a sudden ambition for college.

This was the one secret she wasn't letting Them lay hands on. She was going to be an actress when she grew up, and if she ever let on a word about it wouldn't They throw sand in the works first thing? Privately, she haunted theatre entrances and chummed with the doormen, gathering facts and fables about child performers and their fabulous pay. Not until she was given up as a bad job did anyone find out from her that her earliest memories were those of a theatrical boarding house in the tenderloin where chorus girls had taught her to dance and sing long before she was old enough for school. In desperation her mother had left her there for over a year of daytimes while she worked in a factory. The day nursery itself had failed to keep track of the ubiquitous little tot. Here Zaida had thriven and been contented—and had had her audience.

SO, after deliberations, to the country Zaida went—to a farm. She loved the animals, owned pets and starred among her farmer playmates. She kept a secret diary by getting excused with headaches to lie down on the back seat of the one-room school where she would roll herself up in the flag (frugally never flown in the rain) and manage to write diary and "poems" under its fold. She composed catchy little jingles and held her rural audiences by singing them. She became her foster-father's pet and made his wife jealous and harsh with her. She was comparatively settled (for her) and had a high old time—until she got bored with the dishwashing and ran away.

One has observant neighbors in the country and with the party line not much is missed. So each time she tried it Zaida was reported and caught before she had got a mile. After only three changes of farm homes, she landed in one where she actually stayed, with ups and downs, a whole year. Here she lost some of her hard city glitter, her Hungarian blood began to show in a softer sort of gypsyishness, and she became more lovable and bewitching. Sighs of peace in the agency. The tires and shoe leather and toll calls and nervous exhaustion she had been costing them! But . . . she was "dumb in school" and "wouldn't listen good" at home. Poor Zaida was coached beyond her limit every night by her conscientious boarding mother until she finally cracked, and then proceeded in her own way to "bust up the home."

Back in the city again. Same old routine, only with the tempo increased. A touch of calculating viciousness now and then appeared expressing Zaida's contempt. To their weary recipients her flattering poems and affectionate greetings began to ring a little false. Unerringly she discovered weak spots in armor. In no time at all she found out that under a new régime with higher standards many of her earlier boarding mothers had been dropped. So from the new ones to the old ones she now ran away, and with well-acted innocence demanded to know why if they were good enough for her before they weren't good enough now. She went through quite a repertoire of these, and each time was of necessity placed with more and more sophisticated girls. She found that the mere breathing of the word "boy-friend" could throw her guardians into a cold sweat. The combination of boy-friends

"How about some music to cheer us up? I got a new gazoo with the last carfare you gave me. . . What would you like me to play?"

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"Promise you'll never smoke another. They stunt the growth. Honest, they do"

and Zaida-as-is was almost too much to contemplate. To Zaida's joy this proved to be the best tail-twister she had ever happened on and she twisted for all she was worth. Yet . . . she had charm. She contrived to disarm worker after worker who had to deal with her. She made so sure her entertaining ways would stay the hand of calamity in any pinch. She really had a flitting spark of something they wanted to give a chance. But how, but how?

One day, after being rounded up and hustled off without ceremony, Zaida's emotions played tag with her and panic showed its hysterical face. Characteristically she commented.

"Say, did you ever feel you wanted awful to cry and then couldn't?" she inquired of the exasperated soul who was trundling her along. The exasperated soul said she had, and a lot more, too. Zaida melted.

"How about some music to cheer us up?" she suggested. "I got a new gazoo with the last carfare you gave me. Here's your change; it didn't take it all. What would you like me to play?"

"Play Old Folks at Home, and while you're at it, better figure out how you're going to earn the money to pay it back. You've mortgaged your spending money for weeks ahead as it is."

So Zaida obliged on the new gazoo. She looked pained at such smallness over a little of the Aid's petty cash, and respectfully asked the choice each time she changed the tune. Finally she said, "Let's lay off the holy stuff and have some jazz. Ever hear Red Hot Lips You Burn Me Through? It goes like this . . ." and she tootled some more.

Presently, "This thing's going to spoil my voice. I'll sing to you instead. Roll Em, Girls, Roll Em, goes well with the car, doesn't it?" . . . (Looking through the window) "Gee, did you see that traffic cop wink at me? . . . Why, there's that old peanut man standing right on the same corner he used to when I was in the fourth grade! I thought he'd be dead and buried long ago." . . . (On and on) "Down at Miss Hawser's there was a Dorothy that was an underground (underworld) girl from right in this block. Did you know there were underground girls that live all together in houses all around here and they have snags of jewels and oh boy, the clothes! You can be an underground girl as little as me if you want to, but you have to be tough all the time. You'd never believe what-all that Dorothy has been through. She was my best chum while I was there because she believed in boy-friends and so did I but Miss Hawser was death on 'em. Old maid! We didn't have anybody we really cared about but we got her goat something grand. We used to write letters to each other and make out they were from boys and she'd spy and snoop and throw fits. She says she's going to get Dorothy onto the State Farm before she's finished with her. I don't think much of them Farm girls, myself, but I stuck with Dorothy and told Miss Hawser it was a lot better'n her old place. That's when she telephoned you, just before me and Dorothy ran away. Nobody gave us a chance to say how it really was. . . . What you stopping for?"

"I forgot to telephone Mrs. Kelsey you were coming. She'll be charmed to hear you're on the way."

"Like fun she will. Got any more applesauce? Say, do you know she's the bird that gives us kids coffee, and I said I'd tell the Aid on her for breaking the rules if I ever got stuck there again? Breakfast and supper every day. And she boils it, too! And her old man has awful bad habits. He sneezes germs right out into the air without putting up his handkerchief and germs give *diseases*. He could make all us kids sick!"

On her chauffeur's emergence from the booth Zaida stopped her tootling long enough to remark,

"Say, little Rosy-Cheeks, if it hadn't been for me sitting in the car, you'd have been pinched for parking here. I kidded the cop and got him to call off his ticket and he said to tell you that if he wasn't the kind of guy he was it'd be thirteen-fifty for you in the traffic court, Sister. How about calling it square over the gazoo?"

Mrs. Kelsey did not retain her long. About this time (half-past thirteen) Zaida took to running away to her mother and being mother's bustling young daughter around the house. Lucy was getting married, thanks be, so Zaida began tempestuously to mother her mother and plan their future together and run their affairs. Impulsively she answered advertisements and inspected cheap houses for rent. She had interviews with real estate men and acted the part of responsible young matron so well that they sent her typed follow-up letters "in re. that lease." If mother had been a little more adequate, if the school attendance officer had been a little less efficient or the compulsory attendance laws a little more elastic, it might possibly have worked out. But stuck in the fifth grade Zaida was, and her fourteenth birthday did not change her census status as it did that of most of her little friends into a "gainfully-employed female" unless she had passed sixth.

THEN—deadlock—vicious circle—anything you like to call it. Zaida's mother could not afford to keep her, free. The agency could not legally pay her mother board. Zaida was not trained for anything nor allowed to take a job, and all the boarding homes in the card file had had her and said "never again!" Nothing left to do but return her to Juvenile Court as incorrigible and a chronic runaway. With them there was no halfway house for subnormals and problem girls who had committed no sex or other disorderly

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anti-social offenses. In the eyes of the law there are only good and bad, black and white,—no semi-waywards, no demi-virgins, no greys. To the lawmakers the change from good to bad, from white to black, is a very sudden thing. They recognize no gradual transition, no about-to-be stage, no authorized point of salvage before the change is completely made. The State Farm was already overcrowded and there was no choice but to turn Zaida into the street until she fully qualified in badness. When she could bear a recognizable label she would be dealt with according to law.

ZAIDA sensed this crisis in the air and began a little uneasy lobbying among her friends. She yearned for approval. She hunted up former visitors who had left the agency and paid them some very engaging if unexpected calls. All through her agency years there had been a big-and-little-sister relationship between Zaida and the lively young social workers assigned to her, alas, often too transiently. Their camaraderie and genuine affection and understanding for all we know may have been the very thing that had kept her ideals and interests as "up" as they were. She had shared as welcome guest many a little party and talkfest in cozy bachelor-girl apartments, had visited their own family groups on farm and in camp, had been an enthusiastic helper in their housekeeping emergencies. They had exchanged home-made and coming-home-from-away presents for nearly four years. (Zaida loved to give presents and deftly turned them out of scraps on all occasions.) There had been little aesthetic jaunts together about the city's beauty spots,—visits to sketch clubs and churches, and of course movies, swims, park picnics and rides. Zaida copied what appealed to her of their clothes and tastes and ways. She commented freely and frankly, and received frankness in return.

The older workers warned, "Familiarity breeds contempt. What that child needs is one good whaling." The younger workers thought they had struck the middle ground, and kept on, albeit with misgivings at times. They sincerely believed that the sum total of human affection that was exchanged between the child and those who had to deal with her must have counted for something, somehow. It *could* not be lost! There had been many serious talks at what seemed the right moment, both with and without tears. These would bear fruit for a time, and then—irresponsibility again. Yet Zaida shyly withheld her deepest wish, or camouflaged it capriciously.

Consequently, it was all in the pattern for a weary social worker to come home one night, climb the stairs, fall over some roller skates and find the apartment open with the light on. The tea table all set next caught her eye. Then a dog-biscuit on the floor, followed by a prancing fluffy white dog trying to convey that he had just had a nice bath in her tub. Then with a "Boo!" Zaida jumped out and all but strangled her unwitting hostess.

"I just told Hester I'd come to clean, and she let me in. Don't you think I did a slick job? Say, you oughta be more careful with your things. There's a hole burned in your Constantinople cover, and I'd like to know whose cigarette ashes I emptied out? *Promise me* you'll never smoke another one. *They stunt the growth.* Honest, they do. It says so in Hygiene. What do you think of my dog? Some people in Whiskey Alley had him and didn't half feed him, so I took him home with me. When the woman asked what's the idea I asked her if she ever thought of giving it anything to eat. She said she'd report me to the cop and I told her I'd report her to the Cruelty. Then she said she'd have me arrested for stealing her property and I said, 'A dog without a license, darling, is nobody's property!' Not a peep out of her since. Mother got this little bag with a window at a place she worked, once, and I have the dickens of a time traveling on the trolleys with it. It's quicker to skate and let him run, but I'd never have got him past Hester without it."

"She brought home an astonishing assortment of friends—human, canine, feline"

This was something new—stealing. How long since she had weakened like that? Those expensive gloves Zaida had offered to carry and had lost within two blocks—how long ago was that? her friend wondered. Phrases like "deterioration of moral fibre" haunted her. The shock drove all the corrective things to say into silence, covered by Zaida's defensive chatter. Over it all thrummed the tormenting question, "Is this something that had to be—bred in the bone—or could it have been forestalled?"

"Well, dearie, what shall we eat? . . . Not sausage or scrapple. Gosh, on the farm we had it ten times a week. How about some fried oysters? Mike has six for a quarter. If I had found your grill I'd had the eats all ready."

Something was impending. Impending soon. Zaida armor-plated herself against that word "steal" which she saw haunting her friend's eyes. . . . Bearing not gifts but wages, Zaida packed her dog and went home. Nothing funnier could have been imagined than that last scene. The child could easily have earned her living on a Keith circuit by merely packing and unpacking that dog across the stage. Too late, too late!

Not so very long afterward, Zaida's friend heard of the finish. Zaida took her mother's rent money and went on a visit to the capital. She enjoyed new sights and acquaintances for a few days until funds ran low. Then she went to the Y.W.C.A. and demanded a free room; and the mystery of her disappearance unravelled itself at the home-state end. Zaida had at last qualified for the State Farm. We often wonder who saw the most stars at the impact she or they?

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Of One's European Ancestry

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

SPEAKING of Origins, national and otherwise—I have just been visiting the home of my ancestors. Anyway, I intend to regard it as such; as the man said who had been sitting up with a sick friend: "That's my story, and I'm going to stick to it." A tiny French village by the name of GAVET, in the Gorge de Livet, 20 miles out of Grenoble Southeast on the way to Briançon, in the Department of Hautes-Alpes. It would be hard to imagine anything more beautiful than that deep, deep cleft between mountain-sides that are all but sky-edged cliffs, at the foot of the mountain-massif Taillifer, which sticks into the eye of the sun even at noon.

They are ruining that beauty-spot now, with a long string of factories, for the roaring Romanche carries wonderful water-power, as its blue-gray glacial water plunges down through the gorge. Right through the main (and only) street of my village a narrow-gauge railroad runs to the peril of children, dogs and chickens. Also great charabancs roar through, filled with tourists who little realize the significance of this hamlet—to me. I did not realize it myself, two weeks ago.

There are paper-pulp mills farther up the gorge (which is known also as Gorge de Gavet), and these, the chemical works that make calcium carbide and exude into the stream, and the hydro-electric stations which divert the water, have spoiled what used to be wonderful trout-fishing. M. Muzet, the village baker, nearly knocked over the bottle of native *vin-rouge* on his kitchen-table as he spread out his hands to tell me to what length those trout of his boyhood used to grow. Never any more. . . "Jamais, M'sieu', jamais!"

THE dance, "Gavotte," is said to have originated down in that part of France, among the Gavots, inhabitants of the Pays de Gap. (The city of Gap itself is not very far to the south.) Long ago, discontented with the meagerness of the family legends, I myself invented, as I supposed out my fertile inner consciousness, the tale that our name came from the same place as that dance. But those chaps who brought the name and the lineage from the Island of Jersey—or was it Guernsey?—to Salem, Massachusetts, back somewhere in the 1600's, were called Gavet. They were said to be of Huguenot stock, originating somewhere in the south of France. All sorts of legends had currency. There was one, for instance, that traced the name to Capet, which pleased such as think it well to have a "royal house" somewhere back in the roots of the family tree—Capet being the name of the third Frankish dynasty. Such gossip as I have heard about royal goings-on in those days and since, and about the consequent ingredients of royal blood, has left me personally somewhat cold to that tradition. *Moi*—I'd prefer the cleaner kind, out of the simple life in the gorge at the foot of Taillifer. But I have to take my "blood" as I find it.

And suddenly, out of a clear sky, comes to me the fact that this name of mine, in forms whose variants were natural in those days when spelling was of less account, is actually to be found all over this mountain country—in the old city records of Geneva for instance as far back as 1530. In the City Directory of Grenoble yesterday I found something like 19 persons thus distinguished. And I found this tiny village of Gavet, at the junction of the Romanche and a smashing cataract that plunges down from the snow on the top of the world.

In 1191 an avalanche filled the gorge, and dammed the Romanche to a height of 35 feet, creating a big lake in a wider valley some miles above my village. It lasted some 30 years, till in 1219 the barrier burst and the immense body of water roared down the gorge sweeping away the villages and inundating the plain of Grenoble. Any Gavet who was there then was out of luck. But inhabitants of that valley were in the habit of traveling far abroad, to sell the local laces, and metal articles from the mines which have been there from earliest times. When they heard of the antics of the Romanche very likely they decided to remain away, while the remaining away was good.

So you will understand why I cannot particularize about my "family" much back of 1219. So far as we are concerned, that was the Year of the Deluge!

ALL of which is very well, and entrancing to the mind which regards Father, and Father's Name, as all there is to the family genealogy. Unfortunately for that point of view, there are also mothers. If you assume that every person has at least two parents (if there were more, it would make the mathematics only the more bewildering), and that an average generation is 25 years, a very simple and easy calculation with a lead-pencil will demonstrate that in that momentous year of 1219 I must account, not for one ancestor named Gavet, but for a total of something like 300,000,000 of them,—and all in Europe. But all Europe did not then have as many people as that all-told, and there has not been since any great influx of immigration from anywhere else.

So, while I am exciting myself about *one name,* in a place so small that you must look for it on a large-scale map, I should be just as responsive to millions of other names that I never heard. Practically every person that I pass in any street shares more or less considerably in common ancestry with me.

My father's father was, if you insist, of French stock (whatever you may mean by that—he wasn't anything of the kind; only his name was French); but my father's mother's name came, I believe, from the north of Ireland. My mother's father's *name* came from England; but her *mother's* father's name was Dutch. And so on indefinitely. Call the river Mississippi, if you like from Itasca to the sea; the fact will remain that very little of Itasca's contribution reaches the Gulf.

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As recently as 1700 you must account for more than 500 ancestors; at the time of the landing of the Pilgrims the total approximates 5,000. Back of that the figures double at an appalling rate. Be not skeptical when one claims descent say from Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, or Charles the Fat. The fact is that neither he nor you could by any means escape descent from all three. On no theory can you let off any of them, or any other Ninth Century European, unless he lived and died without issue, legitimate or illegitimate as the case might be. In 800, when Charlemagne lived, your ancestry spreads out to *more than thirty-five thousand billions of units,* and you've got to have every man, woman and child, goat-herd or potentate —not once but thousands of times. Awhile ago a woman assured me that her lineage showed "not a drop of Latin blood." I do not know what "Latin blood" may be; but I do know that unless she were of descent Oriental, Polynesian, African or maybe Red Indian, she must have beyond rescue blood from every human group that has lived west of the Carpathians between the Mediterranean and the Arctic Circle—including Moors and Levantine Jews. Back of the 15th century, the total ancestry of any individual of any race passes swiftly into the millions and billions. This is the way the digits multiply as you go back by 25-year-generation jumps, through the 11th and 12th centuries—simply multiplying by 2—two parents apiece, and in no time we are juggling billions.

Courtesy Muhlenberg Branch Library

THE GAVOTTE

After a Print of the Restoration Period in the Bibliothèque Nationale

Total	*Generation*	*Year*
536,870,912	30	1200
1,073,741,824	31	1175
2,147,483,648	32	1150
4,294,967,296	33	1125
8,589,934,592	34	1100
17,179,869,184	35	1075
34,359,738,368	36	1050
68,719,476,736	37	1025
137,438,953,472	38	1000

Make the period of a generation longer, if you will; it makes very little difference—the figures mount at an incredible rate. To claim honorific distinction for yourself because some conspicuous personage can be found in a long thin line traced back along a family name-history through the inconceivably intricate biological network of the remote past, is too silly for patient contemplation by anybody who owns a lead-pencil and can multiply by two.

RETURN with me a moment to that little town in the gorge. The pre-war, adult natives speak French and are of French nationality. But Gavet is a way-mark on an old high-road from Italy, which lies less than a hundred miles to the east. Over Mont Cenis and down through this way the armies of Julius Caesar and other Romans swept into the plain of Grenoble. Travelers of every race have passed that way from the remotest human past. They are passing that way now. I was fortunate in meeting M. Julius Genevois (notice that name: "one from Geneva"), the *savant* of the town, who knows French, Italian, German, Latin and Greek and displayed them all, pulling out books to authenticate what he was telling of this place that was once one of the watch-towers of the valley. It must have been —I clambered up the donkey-trail to a shelf above the village, and could see from one end of the little valley to the other. Just below is Vizille; it used to be the Roman *Vigilia,* a watching-post, safeguarding the marching legions.

This village *savant* is a real one, a scholar. He sat in the big room of his house, in the clothing that he wears at his work in the mill—we caught him without warning — they say that he heads there the table of the factory officials; that at their meals they "get much more than mere food": so the baker put it.

Today, post-war, in those factories along the Romanche are folk of many races left over from the great French armies. I saw some of them — Italians, Poles, even Algerians wearing the fez. All making a new admixture in the Gorge de Gavet. But that has been going on as long as there have been people on that highway over the Alps to Italy. Back into the dimmest past, they have been trudging through, sometimes stopping to add right there their contribution to the human stream.

Herein, then, lies the screaming absurdity of all this talk about "family lineage"—as if it were possible to know anything about it. Of all this talk about "national origins," and "purity of racial stock." There is not, and there never was, any such thing as a great "pure" race, to be called "Nordic," or by any other appellation, free, or by any conceivable means to be kept free, of "contamination." Least of all the so-called Anglo-Saxon—one of the most heterogeneous ethnological hashes under the sun.

As a sentimental feather in my cap I shall cherish of course this visit to the charming little village in the Dauphiné which bears my name. But I shall not overlook the fact that it lies and for ages has been lying in the way of racial intermingling. Neither shall I forget that at the best of it only one very thin and really untraceable line leads from there to me. Only one thread in the inextricable weaving of factors from every imaginable human quarter, to make the tapestry in whose design I contribute an infinitesimal speck.

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Letters & Life

In which books, plays and people are discussed

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Outlaw

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, *by Erich Maria Remarque. Little, Brown & Co. 291 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
JOURNEY'S END, A PLAY, *by R. C. Sherriff. Brentano. 204 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE WAVE, *by Evelyn Scott. Cape & Smith. 625 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

ALL war books should be tracts. They should make men and women hate the obscene and universal evil of war. The books that count are of three kinds: records of what the common soldier endures in actual service and along the rotten path to the front-line; exposures of the politics and propaganda that wrought us up to war-making; the stark tale of what the people back home suffered in body and in spirit. The great book of the World War has not been written. It will be the true story of what the women and children of Germany went through from 1914 to 1924. It will be beyond tears or curses.

The books that try to make "literature" out of war are pitiful and empty. Let our art be used to tell the bitter truth: even the greatest gift can give us only echoes of reality for the fact is words cannot record animal fear, everlasting monotony, paralysis of the soul, and Death as a daily companion. The returned soldiers were wise: they refused to talk. They had been face to face with the negation of life and they dared not speak lest they spread the corruption. The war books do not run this risk for at best they are only shadows of reality. The memoirs of generals and statesmen do not count. They understood nothing and explain nothing. In essence they are incarnations of blind will; in consciousness, they seem to have regarded war as an elegant and expensive sport. The only ones who know war are the soldiers from colonel down to private . . . and their women-folk.

THESE three books are true war books. They deal with the real thing, not the romantic, glamorous version of dare-deviltry and escapade that America has been stuffed with. They are not literature of escape, but of purgation and terror. That they have been widely successful is in a sense encouraging for it must mean we are willing to face the facts. All Quiet On The Western Front has been hailed as the "greatest of all War books." It has sold by hundreds of thousands in Germany and is a best-seller here. And it is a tragic book about some German boys who were thrown bewildered into war, fought, suffered, and died, told with profound simplicity by a man of great sensitiveness who is now only thirty-one. He speaks indeed, as he says, "for the generation destroyed by the war." The publisher notes that he describes three things: "the War, the fate of a generation, and true comradeship. And these were the same in all countries."

The greatness of the book is in its pathos unmixed with sentimentality, in its brooding sense of wasted youth, in the sharp realism of all detail, and in the supreme realization of what the war meant back home. The return to the scenes of youth is too painful almost to be endured. But easier endured in a book than in life. The hunger, the fear, the dirt, the wounds, the death after death of comrades—these are portrayed with a grave sincerity. And they are the same fear and dirt and death endured by the men just across No Man's Land. Suffering and truth are international: here is the German version. It has taken us over ten years to get ready to admit the Germans went through the same Hell . . . or worse. Now you can compare Fritz in Remarque, the *poilu* of Barbusse's Under Fire, the Tommy of A Subaltern on The Somme and find they fought in the same war. Remarque may be the greater artist because he has more pity, less passion, but any one of them will give you the truth about the great World War.

No, that's not quite right. The publisher in the United States had to temper some of Remarque's sincerity for our pure minds. We could not endure the thought that soldiers use blunt words, refer to ani-

Photo by Vandamm, New York

A scene from Journey's End, a war drama by R. C. Sherriff now playing at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York

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mal functions, and try to satisfy lust of the flesh in odd ways —even in a war. Some of the rough stuff was cut out. The publishers are probably right in saying that it is better we read the book, expurgated, than to have it banned by the censor; but it seems to me sacrilege to cut life out of a soldier's story of war. If we can't stand the facts here what facts can we stand?

JOURNEY'S END, printed now for those who cannot see the play that has stirred even Broadway, is less universal, but it will move you to more immediate tears. The theme is limited because it deals with officers, not Private Everyman, and with the caste psychology of English officers. It is personal drama with war as a background; and as drama it has had to crush its meaning into a crisis of a couple of days. The sense of prolonged, sub-human suffering is not heavy; the gross steam-roller of war obliterating personality, rank, feelings, memory, ideals, and even fear is not quite realized. But perhaps that lends poignancy to the tragedy of several English officers in a dug-out some seventy yards from the German trenches. Captain Stanhope is afraid, but keeps himself a fine leader with whiskey; Lieutenant Osborne, schoolmaster, carries on with a kind of stoic wisdom; Lieutenant Hibbert is frightened until he wants to sneak away on sick leave; Lieutenant Trotter, cockney, endures with a kind of good-nature, due perhaps to the indifference of those who have never owned or ruled, and possess but a slight investment in life. To them comes Raleigh, scarcely out of school where he has idealized Stanhope as a great hero and athlete.

Before he can even feel the shock of disillusionment, some brass-hat demands a trench raid for "data." Osborne and Raleigh are killed. The dug-out is blown to pieces and Stanhope with it and there is left the ghastly lights and thunder of war. The essence of the play is fear and waste—and the study of what kinds of courage brought men through. . . . Osborne's self-mastery, Stanhope's energy, Raleigh's illusions, Trotter's indifference, Private Mason's tradition of the British Army. You get the sense of what war does to gentlemen, not unafraid, but afraid, and there is a hint of the old idea that English wars are won on the cricket fields of Eton. Here is good sportsmanship, no grousing, dressing to hold up morale, and a constant play of burlesque, irony, wise-cracks, to keep the chin up and the mind level. The humor is different from the rude jests of Remarque's privates . . . perhaps that is why England won. If "won" is the word when victory, as this play shows, demands the sacrifice of a whole generation of the best youth. English waste, German waste, it's the same story. . . .

EVELYN SCOTT essays the noble task of telling what the Civil War meant to the spirits of some hundreds of persons, ranging from General Grant and General Lee through ladies of the sewing circle, draft rioters, Negro slaves, privates, men sentenced to death, prostitutes. It is scarcely a novel, rather a gigantic psychological panorama. The plot is the relentless Wave of war; the *dramatis personae* are the people of a nation. The creative energy is magnificent: the total effect vast and moving. Each of what may be called the victims is seized at some moment of inner crisis and revealed blindly making an atomic struggle for life, for sanity, for understanding and hope. The plan misses the fierce nakedness of men in agony and fear, but surpasses these other books in its massive comprehension of how every single soul in a nation suffers somehow from the blight of war. The tragedies of the "home front" are given equal weight with those of the battle line, and these go on without the blessed intervention of death.

The interest of character development and drama are sacrificed for the sake of massing up case studies. The incidents are not connected—some cover only three or four pages, and few of the characters reappear. We never learn what happened next unless we can figure out a life history from the evidence of one lightening revelation. There is no ending, happy or otherwise: the curtain falls on the march of the Union Army through Washington. I doubt whether Miss Scott's method is successful, or that even success would give us the most intimate sense of tragedy. The victims are too much like casual passers on the street: we do not know them well enough to care. The succession is a moving-picture of unrelated scenes. There is, moreover, a feeling that what happens to each of these people is what would have happened to the author had she been there. I doubt whether even her great gifts of self-projection into characters enables her to grasp the precise reaction of so many different souls to the stimuli of war. They were not as sensitive as she is. I recall the confession of one old Confederate who told me his chief joy after peace was in being able to sit down in a real chair! When analysis pretends to record how men feel at the moment of death it reaches the artificial. So also does the effort to reproduce the sounds of battle in made-up words. The war books of soldiers are more restrained.

But this book teaches one supreme lesson. The people she reveals are all psychopathic. They are morbid, cruel, fearful, too proud, too humble, uncertain, ecstatic, drunken, twisted and tortured. General Lee is shown distraught, Grant footling, Lincoln tormented. That is in fact what war does to men. It distorts every life: it balks energy, misguides passion, and kills faith. That is what the generation untouched by war can never know. That they may dimly apprehend something of such pathology from this book is its great value.

ALL war books have one common beauty. All prove the everlasting comfort of human comradeship. Men cannot endure the horrors of killing other men alone: they share together the horrors and the suffering. The army phrase, "He's my buddy," takes on a kind of transcendental meaning. Whether as an audience for grouches, a partner in drunken forgetfulness and cheap amours, a counter-balance to shattering fear, or a bearer of last words at death, the soldier needs, and finds, a comrade. Remarque's German boys cling together and Stanhope and Osborne go together to Journey's End. The glory of this human comradeship is a kind of flower of war. It would be a fine thing if something of this human inter-dependence could be found in peace. For after all peace is but a slower kind of war and we are all privates against Fate. . . . It would lighten the pack and ease the way if we were bound closer in a human comradeship that acknowledges our deep need.

LEON WHIPPLE

The Simple and the Great

THE DIARY OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S WIFE, *edited by Rene Fulop-Miller and Dr. F. R. Eckstein, translated from the German by Madge Pemberton. Macmillan. 421 pp. Price $7.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE diary is an almost daily transcript of the first four months of the tour which Dostoyevsky and his young wife took in 1867 and which was to last four years. At forty-five, Dostoyevsky had married his stenographer, a young girl just out of school. This was in February, 1867, "to regenerate himself" as he wrote in his wedding invitations, for he had already been married once before and had gone through the fire of an ardent, capricious love affair. He had asked the director of the new school of stenography for someone to whom he could dictate the last chapters of The Gambler which he had promised to the publishers within a month. The director sent him his most proficient pupil, Anna Gregorevna Snitkin. She proved so helpful that a dream he had had one night, of looking for a diamond in a box, made him realize that it pointed to no other than this helpful, admirable and conscientious young girl, and by April they were married.

They tried housekeeping for a month, but the situation soon became unbearable, for the young bride found herself mistress of a household not only of a nervous, epileptic husband, but of a stepson, a widowed sister-in-law (*Continued on page* 578)

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Traveler's Notebook

A Maiden Trip

TOWARD the middle of the evening the conversation turns on vacations and trips to Europe. And the experienced traveler rises to the defense of the much abused tourist stunt of hitting the high spots. That, according to him, is precisely what a first trip should be: a general notion of what the world's like. So that newspaper date lines from Berlin, London, Paris or Geneva will from then on, for always, bring to your mind the city, its people and the encounters of your stay there.

But this will not do, as he sees it, unless it is linked with one or more side trips off the beaten track. Cut out a capital if your time is short, and get an intimate sense of the people of the country of your choice. St. Malo, Brittany, was his illustration. He went there for no special reason other than that it is a small place, comparatively little known, and so less likely to be overrun with strangers. And it afforded not a few surprises. For St. Malo is an old fortress, and its ramparts were an excellent coign of vantage for viewing the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the death of Robert Surcouf, which he happened in on. Surcouf was a native of St. Malo and a distinguished corsair. According to Gorton's Biographical Dictionary:

> The stories recounted of him by his countrymen are almost incredible, particularly of his having in a captured schooner embarked with nineteen men, and, passing himself off as a Bengal pilot, succeeded in taking the East India ship Triton of 26 guns und 156 men, which had no suspicion of him.

It was a most festive occasion—streets and shops slipped back a century in appearance; and the natives, old and young, donned the costumes of that period.

Even if this had not been a gala time, the town itself was fascinating, with its narrow cobbled thoroughfares (they're really busy—what with the clatter of sabots, horse carts and such); and with its women in their black waists and skirts, white aprons and caps—caps of almost as many varieties as the trade marked "57." But altogether unlooked for, and as he put it, "quite out of place," were the English patrons who bulged the Chateaubriand Hotel. They were a friendly lot though, and well they could afford to be. For they were there to negotiate with the French farmers for their potato crops and you heard tales of the fabulous sums they made out of the speculation. That the natives didn't fare so well was evident from their homes and their thrifty recreation: to wit, bringing their own camp chairs to the public square evenings, to delight in ancient single reel American movies. So they saved the price of a seat around a cafe table, which was to be had for the ordering of a cup of coffee at a cost of four cents.

Reforms Come Hard, But—

NOW that Turkish women have just won their enfranchisement, the land of the crescent should afford American women travelers a time sense of their own lot. With the exception of the group of pioneers who "fought and bled" for the cause, it would serve to remind them that unlike the nose on their face, they did not always have the vote; that as recently as nine years ago it was a very bitter subject, dividing organizations, estranging friends, and even coming between

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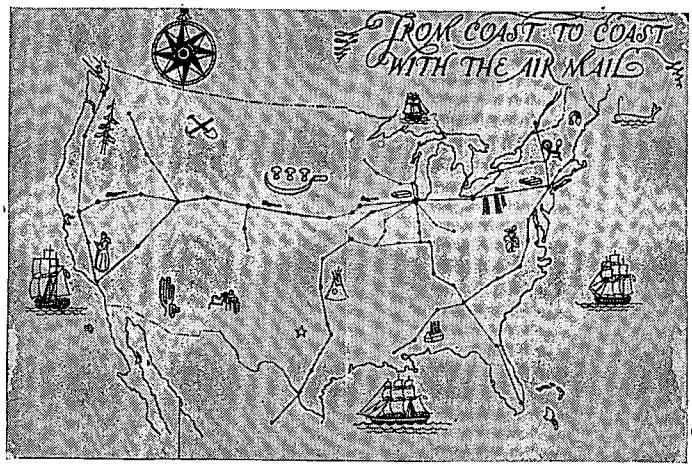
families. A reminder also of the everlasting belligerence and quiescence of the human race.

Philosophic Reflexion

TRAVEL makes for breadth of view—we see the world through new windows. But to the American novice the beginning of wisdom, internationally speaking, comes in the form of a homely personal shock. It comes with your first European encounter with the phrase, "in your country." You don't belong; you're a foreigner—it strikes you all of a heap.

Activity in American Air

ALL the controversy among the astronomers as to life on the other planets seemed none of the layman's business. It was just too remote to be real. But when one ponders what's happening in the air these days, perhaps most graphically illustrated by the rapid growth in Uncle Sam's air mail service (below), is it purely a witticism to say that the more man goes up in the air, the closer down to earth comes this group of scientists?



Courtesy Hamilton Watch Company

A Final Philosophic Reflexion

AND now for those of us who sit at home and compile travel departments we offer our recent discovery that the daily walk to work—or ride in the subway as the case may be—can hold all the strangeness and glamor of a visit to the Ming Tombs. It's just a trick. You travelers may remember that the chief thrill of a morning's jaunt in, say Rome, or Vienna or Florence or Berlin or Moscow, was that intensity of vision that made even the familiar assume shapes and colors foreign and unexpected. You were seeing the green of trees, the brilliance of the sun for the first time. It was an exciting discovery that the sky was blue—that green vines dripping from window boxes held magic—that the arch of a doorway, the vista of a tiny park and fountain, the facade of an apartment house, and young women skurrying to jobs on a summer morning were equally beautiful. All this can be part of our every day by the mere trick of saying: "Where is this place? All this is strange and curiously exciting"—and at once the familiar streets take on new colors and forms and life. You are seeing with the seeing eye—not with that old accustomedness that induces dullness and monotony.

For after all most of us neglect the historical, political and economic significances of those foreign countries through which we make our flying tours. It is the visual strangeness that we see and respond to—colors, dress, shops that line the streets, the people that dash or saunter past, the bustle of the traffic—the accustomed things that describe a homeliness, a universality of habit. And all this we have ever with us and extraordinarily new. All we need do is open our eyes and call it strange—and these letters from Samarkand cease to disturb us.

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LETTERS & LIFE

(*Continued from page* 575)

and her children, all looking upon her as an intruder. Abetted by her mother, she planned a flight abroad, and Dostoyevsky was only too happy to go to escape creditors for a while.

Thanks to this hegira we have the diary, originally written in shorthand notes. They were transcribed almost thirty years later, but enough of the freshness remains to make them interesting. For it is with a thrill that one remembers that the Fiodor who stalks in and out, who rages and kisses, who gambles and is penitent, is no other than Dostoyevsky himself.

It is an amazing situation. Here is a young, inexperienced girl, twenty-five years the junior of Dostoyevsky, whom he asked to share his tortured and uncertain life. Her naïveté and simplicity of heart carried her along where a more sophisticated person would perhaps not have found it worth her while. We see her learning to be patient with extreme irritability, which took place regularly after every epileptic fit. She has to bear a gambling fever which took hold of him for ten years. He was in such need of money that evidently, it seemed to him that only in roulette could he see his way out. He loses his last penny and hers, he pawns his watch and overcoat, he pawns her earrings, brooch and scarf. He calls himself miserable and wretched, and falls at her feet and begs her forgiveness, and takes her last penny again, and she gives it to him and has the grace to comfort him. She has to bear with the discovery of a lively correspondence with Pauline Souslova, and though things go black in her heart for a while, she behaves with a sense of freedom and dignity which is becoming.

Then there is the other side to it. Though she seems to have had the quality of growth which enabled her to match her steps with his giant strides, she is in these early pages of their marriage, a very immature person, prosaic and unimaginative, doing her best in a situation which she cannot grasp or realize. She is much more occupied with the price of tea and of cheese than of his work which she only mentions once. But she was just what he needed, for the "regeneration" did take place, she taking nearly all material burdens off his hands and even in later years publishing his works. Spiritually, too, we know that in the fourteen years of their marriage she grew to take her place by his side as helpmate in the true sense of the word, and that his last years were softened by her loving kindness as well as her practical helpfulness.

How she would have behaved if like Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky had asked his wife to give up the things she held dear, church, Czar and property, one never knows. Fortunately for her that problem never presented itself. The two men who were so much alike as spiritual leaders, presented an absolute antithesis. To Tolstoy, life was always good. He had money, he had true love right away, he had social position, he had health, he had happy offspring and he brushed all this aside saying that that which came to him for his immediate happiness meant nothing. Tolstoy was so happy he was ashamed of his happiness before God, knowing and feeling keenly the immorality of personal enjoyment in the face of universal pain. Dostoyevsky had nothing. He had no money. He had the Gethsemane of the death sentence (commuted at the scaffold) and of Siberia. He had no health. His first wife betrayed him, his one passion came to nothing, of the four children born to him, two died, but his capacity for unhappiness was so great he was ashamed of it before God, knowing the universality of pain.

But there was no rift in the spiritual relations of Dostoyevsky and his young wife. "She was the shore and he the ocean," to quote the Hindus, against which his restless soul surged. To her credit it must be said, she was not engulfed. Perhaps it was her youth that saved her. Perhaps, unlike Tolstoy again, it was the simple, unanalytic love of the great man that made this marriage, of which the Diary is the log of the first four months, so successful a journey. And she—after all the struggle and the poverty and the difficulties, looking back over the long stretch, can only remember the kindness and gentleness of the man, and exclaim, "Lord, why has Thou given me such a happy life? Lord, how shall I thank Thee for it?"

ROSE STRUNSKY

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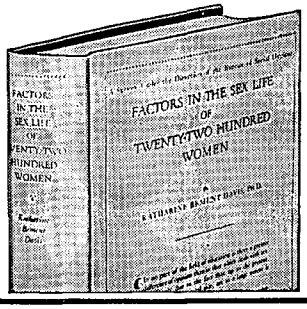

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BEHIND THE NEW YORK MUTINIES

(*Continued from page* 559)

with the herd at the prison signal, he eats the "inferior" food prescribed by law, with the herd, he marches to work with it, he marches back with it. His only chance at privacy is in his cell—the cell I have just described. But what if even this mean retreat be denied him? There were old cots standing in the corridors of the cell block in Clinton three years ago. It was full of them before the riot. Assuming that we all agree that a convict should be punished, is this kind of punishment what we want? Let me quote a paragraph from my report:

> The lack of adequate modern prison plants has been, for many years, a continuous handicap upon an enlightened administration and particularly upon the reformatory principles in our state prisons. Take a single illustration: Both at Auburn and Sing Sing, the wardens permit baseball, motion pictures and miscellaneous group amusements for the inmates. Why?
>
> Simply because the cells are so atrocious that the men should be kept out of them except for the time actually required for sleep. The net result is that the average prisoner, in either of these two prisons, and to a slightly smaller extent in Clinton, lives less as an individual than as a member of a herd. There is no escape for the individual from indiscriminate herd-association—with felons. No possibility exists for privacy, for reflection, for study or for revising a distorted outlook on life except in a cell which is nothing more than a slit in the masonry wall, just wide enough for a single bed, and without plumbing or toilet facilities of any kind. Those who criticize prison amusements as a process of coddling should understand the reason why in some cases, these amusements are permitted.

In Clinton the bleak cheerlessness of the prison is seldom relieved by amusements of any kind. We have an increase in the number of prisoners due to the prevailing increase in criminality, mainly in one single crime: robbery. When a like increase in prison population occurred in 1915, the Legislature relieved the congestion by laws which increased the allowance for good conduct and shortened prison terms and these allowances affected not only new commitments but also prisoners then in prisons as well. They reduced the long sentences of "repeaters" even more than like sentences of persons never before convicted of a crime. All this has been changed.

3. *The leaven of despair.* Commencing in 1926, we have had a distinct tightening of parole and an increase of sentences for given crimes changing the equilibrium between incoming and outgoing population. Not only is there a new class of prisoners with much longer fixed sentences but a new class of "lifers" who have been convicted of a fourth felony and are then sentenced, not so much for what they have done, that is for the specific felony itself, but *for what they are,* to a life of continuous punishment. This class of men constitutes the leaven of revolution in these crowded prisons.

I shall not discuss the Baumes laws as a whole. Many of these enactments are excellent, and I do not question the advisability of continuous incarceration of men who have demonstrated their unsocial and criminal character and who are not fit to be left loose in organized society. I do question the propriety of punishing, for the fourth felony, these men by a life sentence in surroundings as atrocious as those now afforded. The English system seem to me more logical and more humane. The old offender is sentenced for his fourth offense to punishment adequate for the specific offense and is also given an additional sentence of "preventive detention." The conditions of this detention, however, are not as harshly punitive as ours nor are they so long. This I shall not attempt, however, to discuss in this brief paper.

What should be done? The cell blocks in both of these prisons should be destroyed. This has been recommended many times and the legislature concurred at the last session on the needed appropriations. The whole problem of modernizing our prisons is before us. It cannot be done out of annual appropriations. It can be done out of a State bond issue. An organized plan for modernizing our prisons is one of the crying demands of the State. It should be met on a large scale, should be properly planned and the plan carried forward with a minimum injection of partisan politics, until it is completed at the earliest possible moment. President (*Continued on page* 584)

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COLLEGE BLUES
(*Continued from page* 552)

girls are very jealous of her, although outside questioning has proved this to be untrue. She has become disgusted with her teachers and with college education in general. At times she feels as if she were not her old self. A few months ago she contemplated suicide. She says that she *can* sit still without fidgeting, but she usually fidgets. Recently it has become difficult for her to study since "other thoughts" keep crowding into her mind. She thinks that several people on the campus are definitely trying to thwart all her ambitions, a suspicion that is entirely unfounded."

IT would take a book to illustrate all the things which a psychiatrist does or tries to do for unhappy boys and girls like these. But in general outline, he first helps the individual to a better understanding of his problem. Often that is sufficient. Take for example the story of Anne Baker, and that of Cadet Archer (the latter recounted by Dr. H. N. Kerns in Mental Hygiene).

Anne Baker had been a brilliant student in highschool and came to college with a scholarship because of her fine record. She made an excellent first impression and started off well, with a moderately heavy schedule. At the end of the first six weeks she was reported doing poor work in three of her subjects and at the end of twelve weeks was reported as failing in two of them. Her teachers, her faculty advisor, the dean of the college looked in vain for an explanation. She said that she studied but could not retain the material. Her intelligence test showed her to be far above the average in intellectual powers. The girls at her sorority said she was a quiet, studious girl who was rather uninterested in social activities and could not be said to have wasted her time over them.

I talked with Anne without getting much below the surface. It was quite apparent that her heart was not in her work. She denied any interest in other activities or persons. She was mildly depressed over her failure but seemed not to realize the seriousness of it herself or not to care. Suddenly, with an inspiration out of the blue sky, I said to her, "Anne, where is he now?" She looked at me for a moment and then burst into tears. "In Canada," she said, and told a story that had ended in tragedy for at least six people. Anne was laboring under the mistaken notion that by never mentioning a thing, by denying to one's self and to everyone else that it had ever existed, one could eliminate an emotional experience from one's life. That explosion in my office, the outpouring of pent-up emotion and a few hints as to some correction in her attitude were sufficient to help her make the honor roll at the end of her sophomore year.

CADET ARCHER was referred by his military instructor for poor scholastic work (he had previously been an excellent student), indifference, and an attitude of resentment to correction. He lost not a minute in assuring the counselor that the trouble was not with him, but with his superior, who, he said, was arbitrary, mean, and unreasonable. During the course of the talk it was learned that the boy thought his father had never understood him and had been unusually severe and unreasonable. Though the boy had seriously resented such treatment at the time, his attitude had been mellowed by the years that had elapsed since he left home. The analogy between the two situations, the parental and the present, was pointed out to him. It was explained that his officer (really one of the most just and efficient at the academy) was merely a symbol for the father and hence the recipient of all his resentment. A complete transformation came about in this lad within twenty-four hours, a transformation that surprised the physician more than it did his officer, and the change has been a lasting one.

Beyond trying to get the student to understand his difficulties, in some instances the psychiatrist must attempt to change the particular phase of the environment which is causing trouble. In other instances he must recommend the dismissal of the student. In still others special medical care is required. And in all cases sympathetic understanding (*Continued on page* 582)

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(*Continued from page* 581) - - - and optimistic encouragement are necessary. No one in the world takes life more seriously than the college student. No one has more troubles. No one has more need of mental hygiene and nowhere is its application more richly rewarded.

RECORDS THAT COME ALIVE

(*Continued from page* 556)

"father knows best." This is the exact opposite of what an adviser should be. An adviser should investigate, study, listen, question, confer, and suggest, but never convince.

A primary obligation of occupational advisers is to respect the right of every child to think through for himself and make his own choice. Their first concern must be for the child and for the job only in so far as the right job is essential to the child's normal progress into self-supporting adulthood.

This is a large order as everyone who has dealt with the problem of juvenile employment knows. It is easy to get hysterical about the deadening vacuity of the school-room, especially for children who are slow at book learning, and so urge their premature release into industry; it is quite as easy to grow sentimental over the dangers of industry and so build up in the child an unhealthy resistance against the occupational environment in which sooner or later he must earn his living. Providence through its growing corps of advisers, supplementing the trade school and the technical and commercial high schools, has bridged the traditional chasm between the school and the occupational world. But the schools do not forget the children as soon as they have fared forth from the class-room. As a matter of educational interest, as well as to protect these young workers from getting trapped in jobs from which they would like to escape if they knew how, follow-up studies are made at the end of the first, third and fifth years after graduation. Providence knows what becomes of its children after they leave school. For example, of the boys who graduated from one of the high schools in June, 1926, seventy per cent continued their education in other institutions of learning. Of those who entered occupations, nearly half entered clerical positions; the other half entered a variety of jobs, ranging from motion picture printing and interior decorating to pipe-fitting and carpentry. Several of these boys were saving money to go to college. They were earning from $11 to $31.50 a week at the end of their first year of employment. Similar facts are in hand about all graduates, girls and boys alike. The schools can tell the tax payers what return the children are earning on the city's investment in them, and they have measured the cost of every child's public school education. They are not afraid to talk to business men in terms which business men understand, with the result that the business community is cooperating with them not only in terms of appropriations, but in educational terms also.

When the placement office was started there were no opportunities for boys who wanted to learn a trade to get practical apprenticeship training. The best factories would not accept boys under sixteen. Since that time the compulsory school age has been extended to fifteen and the managements of these establishments have met the schools halfway by lowering their age limit to fifteen. These factory apprenticeship schools are invaluable adjuncts to the trade schools of the city.

In interviewing children who were leaving school, the placement officer discovered that a considerable number of them were leaving reluctantly and because of financial pressure at home. These cases especially appealed to Richard Allen whose educational progress had been delayed by similar circumstances. At that time it was more or less common to have scholarships covering the tuition or living expenses of pupils in private schools and colleges, but neither Providence nor any other city had considered the possibility of scholarships for public school children who wanted to go to high school. The director of the placement desk resorted to his customary procedure and compiled the records of the most urgent cases over a period of one year. It was about this time that the White-Williams Foundation in Philadelphia announced its scholarship plan to cover

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the cases of children in certain sections of Philadelphia. With his facts and the White-Williams circular, Mr. Allen went to the vice-president of a great trust company and placed before him the problem of these financially handicapped children. Immediately the vice-president was deeply interested. He undertook to organize a trust fund and succeeded. The object was stated by President Faunce of Brown University when he said that "much is done now to help the down-and-outer; it is much more satisfactory to help the up-and-comer." The interest on the fund, together with annual grants by individuals, now provide from twenty-five to thirty annual scholarships of fifty dollars each term. Usually scholarship pupils are placed at part-time work, for which they receive about five dollars a week. The $2.50 a week from the scholarship fund is just enough to cover the margin between having to leave and being able to stay in school.

One of the most striking examples of cooperation on the part of the business community was inspired by the extraordinary case of a single boy whose experience led the director of the placement office to undertake one of his favorite investigations and to get records that would come alive. One day an eighteen-year-old boy came to his desk. This youth had been attending various evening classes in the public schools and the Rhode Island School of Design for four years in the hope of becoming an architect. Accidentally one day, he learned that he could not qualify as an architect without going to a professional school and that he could not enter such a school without a highschool certificate. His parents had money; he might have met these requirements. But no one had ever told him about them. This led to an investigation which revealed that the percentage of children going from grammar to highschools varied from forty-five to ninety-five percent, and that the average for the city was only sixty-five percent. The highschools had been losing one-third of these children without knowing it. How many of these grammar school graduates were leaving the schools at the legal age simply because, like the boy in the story, they didn't know what the highschools were? The facts were laid before the Town Criers, an association of advertising men. The facts fired their imaginations. They volunteered to bring the facts home to the city. At the beginning of the next term, ninety-one percent of all grammar school graduates entered the highschools.

The development of the Providence Public Schools under the motivation of precise records and more especially of the systematic discovery and measurement of individual differences is crowded with similar incidents. I have been able to give only a bare-bone sampling of them. Had the placement office been willing to play for position by citing its star cases only, it would probably not have evolved into a well staffed Department of Research and Guidance and it would not have become the dynamic force back of the reorganization of the entire school system in the interest of all the children as individuals. This department is today at the very center of the entire school administration, supplying accurate information and guidance to principals and teachers, as well as informed counsel to the children as they leave school for college or work. It is an inspiring illustration of what research science can do for education. Of course Providence is not an educational Utopia. As I expressed my appreciation of his method and achievement, Mr. Allen kept reminding me that he and his associates were much more keenly aware of what they had left undone than proud of what they had accomplished. But Providence knows its educational responsibilities. It has discovered the individual child and is rescuing him from "marks" and goose-step regimentation. It sees him not only as an individual but also as a citizen, and it is using both its financial resources and the resources of science to effect an adjustment between the child and society which will be increasingly advantageous to both.

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(*Continued from page* 580) Hoover will recommend a $5,000,000 appropriation to modernize Federal prisons as a result of the riot at Leavenworth. Governor Roosevelt is proposing a similar program in New York. Organized public opinion should support a proper program to these ends, both in state and nation, for it represents reforms long overdue.

PRISONS AT THE BREAKING POINT

(*Continued from page* 558)

no attempt to explain prison outbreaks elsewhere. If such should occur—and they may—they, too, will doubtless be due to a particular set of facts, and the facts can be sought when the accidents happen. Right now the inquiry is on New York.

A condition does exist in New York that is likely to induce many prisoners to respond to a proposal for a concerted plan to escape. That condition is not in the food at Clinton or Auburn, which has been offered as an explanation. At neither is the food any worse than usual, and while this does not say much, it disposes of the contention that the food is the probable cause of the uprisings. At Clinton the diet is sufficiently varied to prevent monotony, and both prison farm and dairy yield products for the prisoners' table; vegetables are served daily and fruit two or three times a week. That is pretty good for prisons. At Auburn the food is not so good but it is better than it was a few years ago.

Idleness is not the cause. At both Clinton and Auburn prison industries have developed, and opportunities for work are quite as plentiful as they have recently been. Idleness is an evil in American prisons—but it is worse in many prisons than in New York state. And idleness is not very likely to send men to the prison arsenal for guns with which to shoot their way out. Cell blocks are not the cause. Living conditions in the cells at Auburn and Clinton are bad, admittedly; the cells are small, cramped, old—and new living quarters ought certainly to be built. But this is a familiar feature in American prison structure. As Mr. Alger points out elsewhere in this issue, "The cell blocks at Auburn and Clinton have been called atrocious and barbarous for fifty years and more." That is an argument against assigning them as a direct cause of these attempts to escape.

So with respect to overcrowding—also said to be a cause of the uprisings. There is overcrowding at both prisons. At Clinton the overcrowding is about the same as it has been for several years, and at Auburn with a capacity for 1,300 there are 1,700 prisoners. That is not exceptional overcrowding, as prisons go. It is undesirable, but it is nothing compared to the overcrowding at Leavenworth, where 3,700 prisoners occupy space intended for fewer than half that number, or at Atlanta, where the capacity is 1,712 and the number of prisoners recently was 3,107. (Overcrowding at Leavenworth may partly explain the blowing off of steam there.) It is nothing, moreover, compared to overcrowding in prisons in Missouri, Michigan, Ohio and California. While extraordinary overcrowding might produce restlessness that would result in riots, there is no reason to suppose that overcrowding at either Clinton or Auburn has caused these present outbreaks.

Explanations of this kind have come in the main from persons who, wanting to see such conditions changed, find in them a cause of the attempts to escape. I hesitate to ascribe outbreaks in July, 1929, to conditions which have existed for many years and which almost give American prisons their distinctive characteristics.

The condition more likely than any other to induce many prisoners to join in a general plan for escape is the sudden and drastic lengthening of sentences in New York. No prisoner enters a New York state prison today who does not face a longer sentence than he would have faced three years ago. Some of these men are serving very much longer sentences. Some are serving life where they would have been serving a few years; some are serving twenty where they would have been serving ten; and some, having been deprived of most of their good conduct time, are just lingering along on sentences that once would have ended much earlier than they will now. Others have found the door to parole practically barred to them. All this is the result of legislation passed in the course of society's recent, somewhat (*Continued on page* 586)

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(*Continued from page* 584)

hysterical, reaction to crime.

What is more likely to cause people to wish to get out of prison; food which is no worse than usual? idleness which affects a relatively small number and is diminishing? overcrowding which is familiar to prisoners and is not as bad in New York as elsewhere? or an unexpected and severe lengthening of sentences which, in the number of prisoners affected, has no parallel in any other state in the union and, from the prisoner's point of view, justifies taking that desperate chance which, if he had a shorter sentence, he would be loath to take? These stringent provisions are the product of the work of the New York State Crime Commission, widely known as the Baumes Commission because Caleb H. Baumes, a state senator from Newburgh, is chairman of it. This commission was established in 1926. It has been very active in penal affairs.

The measure for which it is most famous, doubtless, is the so-called "fourth offender act." This provides that whenever a person is convicted, for the fourth time, of a felony, he must be sent to prison for his natural life; the judge has no choice. About 150 men have been sent up for life under this act, *and nearly all of these are either at Clinton or Auburn.*

Another Baumes law is the "second offender act." This provides that whenever a person is convicted, for the second time, of a felony, he must be sentenced for a term not less than the longest, nor more than twice the longest, term prescribed in the penal code for a first conviction.

Other acts increase the penalties for particular crimes. In addition to that, judges, reacting to the popular demand and influenced doubtless by these legislative enactments, have given heavier sentences when they did not need to under the law. As Hastings H. Hart has pointed out: "In many cases prisoners receive twice or even three times as long a sentence as they would have received five or ten years ago."

These, however, are only some of the laws. Another law was passed taking away a substantial part of the diminution of sentence which a prisoner might earn by good conduct and by willing and efficient work. For fifty years New York has considered it desirable to permit prisoners to earn time off their sentences by good behavior in prison and by keeping their work up to a certain standard; the theory is that, since prisoners are not all alike, society is justified in giving earlier release to those who show, by their conduct in prison, habits of industry and a disposition to improve. Wardens have approved the measure and practically every state possesses it.

The Baumes Commission has gone so far as to call it unconstitutional and, although they have not caused the abolition of good conduct time, they have greatly reduced it. For example, a person serving an indeterminate sentence, which means a first offender, could formerly begin to earn his good conduct time as soon as he entered prison. That is, his reduction was taken off the minimum term of years named by the court—and could amount to as much as ten days for every thirty served, namely, a third; of course, if he did not earn it, he did not get it. Now he is not permitted to begin his reduction at once; he must serve his minimum and his reduction is taken off his maximum. Moreover, the amount which he can earn has been cut in two. The effect, of course, is greatly to increase the time actually served by first offenders.

Persons under definite sentence have been similarly affected Privilege of earning a reduction by efficient work is taken away entirely, and the amount that can be earned by good conduct is greatly lowered. If a man were sentenced to twenty years, he could formerly obtain his release in about 10 years; now he must serve sixteen years and eight months.

One of the disturbing features of this, to prisoners, is that many of them are working side by side with men who, because they entered prison before the new laws were passed, still enjoy the old rates at which they can earn good conduct time. This makes for wide divergence between periods served for the same or similar crimes. Prisoners brood over this.

Finally, there has been a rigid tightening of parole. Partly as a result of legislation, partly as a result of the spirit of the Baumes reports, and partly because the public is demanding harsh treatment for offenders, parole is granted much more sparingly and prisoners are held for a longer time before they obtain parole. This, too, leads to the lengthening of time served.

I am not here discussing the merits of any of these reforms in the direction of greater punishment. I am trying to discover why so large a part of the men

(*Continued on page* 589)

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WORKER'S EDUCATION BUREAU OF AMERICA—A cooperative Educational Agency for the promotion of Adult Education among Industrial Workers. 476 West 24th Street, New York City, Spencer Miller, Jr., Secretary.

(*Continued from page* 586) in Clinton and Auburn lent themselves to a program seldom appealing to prisoners *en masse*—a break for liberty. And I find the explanation in the length of time stretching ahead of them in prison rather than in any condition of food, cells, idleness or overcrowding—so familiar a feature of American prisons.

Neither have I tried to suggest what New York, with the rest of the country, might be doing about crime. That question would carry us into the field of the sciences dealing with human conduct, and that is too broad a matter for brief discussion here.

Meanwhile people are asking: "What is to be done about the prisons?" If, out of these breaks for liberty, caused by despair, comes a general scrutiny of the very bad conditions in American prisons, and efforts to improve them, something will have been gained, even if the direct cause of the outbreaks be not itself touched.

TRYING TO BURY THE BIG STICK

(*Continued from page* 567)

But when the united employes of an industry are dealing with the united employers the problem is more complex. What is just and fair is less easily defined as competitive standards fade.

In 1921 the United States Railroad Labor Board reduced wages of 1,750,000 employes over $300,000,000. The board claimed that the railroads were in desperate financial straits. (This was not accurate; but many of them were in bad condition.) The next year over a million employes were reduced to the same extent again—a staggering loss in a two years' period. The shopmen's strike of 400,000 men resulted. The following year was one of the most prosperous years in railroad history. Thus a spotlight was thrown upon a great issue in political-economic-social policy. Perhaps it was necessary to have huge cuts in wages, widespread suffering imposed on millions, a vast increase of impoverished homes, undernourished and underprotected men, women and children. Perhaps this wholesale crippling of minds and bodies helped turn the tide to "prosperity"—perhaps!

It seems more reasonable to conclude from subsequent events that the wage reductions of 1921 and 1922 were ghastly blunders. A little more faith in the future (which might have been expressed in "credit inflation"), and a little less fear of money striking (which was expressed in "labor deflation") would have warranted a public policy of maintaining the human standard and not debasing the currency of a day's labor. In any event, organized railway labor was convinced that a governmental machinery had been created to enforce a short-sighted, selfish employer policy and that the first step in reversing that policy was to destroy that governmental machine. So the Railroad Labor Board was abolished.

The present law requires representatives of railroad employers and employes to confer and to "make every reasonable effort" to agree upon wages and working conditions and to settle their disputes. If they are unable to agree, government mediators may be called in to help bring about an agreement. But the mediators cannot issue orders to anyone. If conference and mediation fail, and the parties agree to arbitrate, the government will provide the arbitration machinery. The Board of Mediation will appoint neutral arbitrators and an award will be enforced in the federal courts. The absence of strong-arm methods in this law created much skepticism in Congress. When the provisions were being explained one senator referred to mediation as some more of the "rose-water" process. Members of both houses were curious to learn how we expected to settle disagreements without invoking force and compulsion against somebody, sometime.

It was patiently explained over and over again that we had been trying to solve labor issues by force for many centuries, without conspicuous success. Employer force, employe force, political force, had all been tried. We were now seeking to equalize the pressures of all three—so that no one could give orders—but any two could unite to resist the unfair demands of the third—and yet not have the power to impose unfair demands upon the third. We explained that arbitration was not the ideal method of getting an agreement—as that would mean turning the task of employer and employe over to a third party to perform. Arbitration was a temporary expedient—and so was mediation. "Self-government in industry" was the real aim—not political government.

That phrase, which I first used with some care, proved a common denominator of peculiar value. Railroad managers who resented "outside interference" from public officials, or labor unions, were strong for self-government. Congressmen, wearied of many futile efforts at public regulation of business operations, welcomed the desire of an industry to regulate itself. Labor organizations, traditionally supporting the right of self-organization and collective bargaining and nursing the wounds inflicted by governmental orders, were seeking first of all freedom from private or public coercion. "Self-government" sounded good to them.

Indeed the beginning and the end of the labor movement, the motive and the goal of the strong-minded individualist in commerce, the inspiration and stated object of our republic, is "self-government." The pitiful thing is that so often in our desire for self-government—for individual freedom of action—we forget that the fellow whose desires interfere with ours is seeking for himself the same right of self-expression which we are assured is our own birthright. It is so easy to forget that self-government demands that we hold ourselves back, perhaps more often than we push ourselves forward; and that our freedom to climb upon the backs of others implies their equal freedom to clamber up our vertebrae. But there is always the happy possibility of getting agreement upon an abstract principle among men struggling with concrete competitive interests. So we all preached "self-government in industry" and supported the Railway Labor Act.

General Atterbury, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for years one of the "black devils" of the unions and the "white hope" of anti-union employers, told the Senate committee on January 14, 1926—with obvious enjoyment of a new sensation—that this "is an epoch making occasion. Never before have I been before a committee of the Senate or of the House that I have not been in opposition on any labor question with those of our employes with whom I have had to live. Today we come to you with an agreed-upon program."

Since the passage of this law (*Continued on page* 592)

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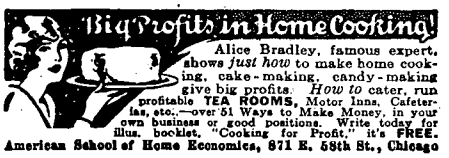

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TRYING TO BURY THE BIG STICK

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a large part of my time has been engaged in trying to make it work. I have watched the settlement of literally thousands of minor disputes through conferences. Several hundred major cases have been settled through conference, mediation or arbitration. A few serious strikes have been threatened but none have taken place. Much can be said from different viewpoints about the good and bad results of the law. Its obligations have been both scrupulously observed and flagrantly violated. Those who believe in a law or a principle work with it. Those disbelieving, work against it.

From the public standpoint, it will be conceded that peaceful, continuous, efficient service has been given by a fairly well-satisfied operating force. On the other hand, it will be argued that wage increases have been the rule; that this should satisfy the employes, but that rates can't be reduced with increased operating expenses and that a period of static or reduced wages may prove the law a failure. Against this argument, friends of the law may point out, first, that a general rise in the level of railway wages was imperatively needed to undo the mischief of mistaken wage-reductions and to give these workers a standard of living appropriate to the social value of their work. Second, it has been proved persistently that wage-earners recognize and accept static wages in economic pauses or depressions, because diminishing employment induces more anxiety to retain jobs than to get increased pay. Third, there should be no need for wage-reductions in any essential, progressive industry. It will be time enough to meet the problems of a decadent, less essential transportation industry when we observe indications of a drastic change in present economic conditions. These are not the problems of the immediate future.

The present semi-legalized method of solving the labor problems of the steam railroads may be retained or discarded. Certainly, if retained, it will be improved. But its greatest importance as a social experiment lies in the principles and theories which induced the undertaking. Here we find employers and employes engaged in a deliberate effort to democratize industry—to try the process of "self-government." This effort should not be confused with any programs for "socializing" industry. There is no endeavor here to determine the responsibility of an industry to society—except to meet the responsibility of owners and operators to insure the continuous, efficient production of necessary services. But primarily the effort is to eliminate the waste of conflict and to promote the economies of cooperation in the work of an industrial machine wherein the brains, muscles and properties of several million individuals are utilized and coordinated.

At a time when the tendency in political government is distinctly away from democracy and in the direction of autocracy, it is deeply significant that a contra-tendency in industrial government should be decisively shown in one of the most essential industries. And in this industry autocratic control has been able to offer some specially persuasive arguments and has had a long, comparatively unhampered opportunity to prove its merits. But as railroad kingdoms grew into empires, not only was arbitrary authority challenged more vigorously, but it demonstrated an increasing incapacity to fulfill its responsibility. The rulers of the roads have developed as men with a gift for human leadership. The slave-drivers have conspicuously failed.

The course of the labor movement on the railroads has had equal significance. The most powerful and responsible labor organizations in the country are found here. They are democratically organized and operated, exhibiting all the weaknesses—and also the abiding strength—of a self-disciplined community that actually governs itself.

If self-government expands in the railroad industry and proves its worth, the example may develop a similar force in other industries. "I hope the day will come when these great business organizations will truly belong to the men who are giving their lives and their efforts to them, I care not in what capacity. Then they will use capital truly as a tool and they will all be interested to the highest economic advantage. Then we shall have no hired men." Thus spoke recently Owen D. Young, chairman of the General Electric Company—a "practical man," who is also able to think.

In such a day there might grow, out of our present spreading commercial empires, a group of industrial republics within our national boundaries, which would so dominate our politics that democratic government might have a new birth in state and nation. In this event the program of putting "more business in government" might actually come to mean something honorable—not increased commercial control of government for private purposes—but increased reliance upon principles of self-government that had been found essential to maintain the health of private industry. Of course, this is only a "theory" of what might come to pass. There may be scant justification for believing that it will be the development of our industrial-political system. But such "half-glimpsed turrets" do appear to the eyes of eager watchers when the mists that hover over the future of America are shaken by the trumpeting of an ideal that might well come from the "hid battlements of eternity."

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